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LÆTITIA.

It is an illustrated truth, and fully developed, both in the natural and in the moral world, that the attributes of beauty, grandeur, purity, and loveliness, in connection with other gifts and blessings, are unequally distributed, even upon kindred subjects emanating from the same Providential hand. And although it may be difficult to find throughout the entire range of Deity's vast domain, a single production, devoid *entirely* in these respects, and evincing in no degree the skill, the wisdom, nor the benevolence of the Divine Being, it may nevertheless be equally a task, to disprove that these gifts and graces are providentially bestowed, as from an unequal and a disparing hand. If we look, for instance, into the world of physical nature, and contrast the beautiful water-course, leaping its way down from the highlands to be lost in the steady bosom of the main channel, with the sluggish, murky stream that drains the sickly vale below, we shall doubtless have an illustration of the truth of this remark.

One has an investment of every possible congeniality with the most superior intelligence. With a mind the most enlightened, an intellect the most capacious, a fancy the most ideal, a nature the most refined, ethereal, and trans-heavenly. And the more one's nature can thus expand, in contemplation of a scene like this, the clearer will be its view of the actual disproportion

between its own susceptibilities, and the mentally foodful profusion of the feast before it. The agreeable combination of water and wood, of dale and hill, the beautifully undulating and outspreading adjacent grounds, strike the mind with impressions of universal beauty, and one is impelled by the inspiration, into a kind of pensive mood of more distinctive contemplation. To listen to the voice of the numerous little cascades, like the half smothered tones of so many little under spirits, cheerfully toiling at their none the less but ever enduring tasks—the stream, anon, widening upon a bed of pearls, and scrambling forward in broken rivulets, till contracted by the two symmetrically converging shores, mingling in the rays of light, and affording pleasure to the pleasure affording, sportive tribes within, its waters, like an extended layer of little transparent, whirling rollers, pervious to each other, glide swiftly down the descending channel, and onward wend their way to their ultimate discharge. Again the countenance feels to smile in the breeze, and animal life revives and strengthens upon the healthful odor of the gale that rustles among the trees, and wakes to life and motion the surrounding verdure—bending the green grass in expansive waves, and rocking to and fro the standing army of floral plumes that vegetate upon the sloping banks.

Among scenery so beautiful, one delights to

stroll—at the coming of his hour would be brought hither to die—would be buried to the requiem of the birds, and under the cool shade of the scented grove, could sweetly sleep the lonely slumbers of the grave.

But when we bring into relief the contrast of the dismal morass, we are presented with almost an exact counter picture of the one already attempted to be drawn. The effluvia of the stagnant pool generate disease in the system, and the fine structure of physical life is deranged, till the ghastly and suffering victim pleads to be transported to a more congenial clime.

The dire retreat is also the abode of fearful beasts of prey; venomous reptiles infest and poison the streams, crawling serpents lie in wait for the footsteps of man, and doleful creatures flap their unshapely wings, lifting their ill proportions to the rocks and crags above; or bodingly to mope upon the sepulchral peaks of some death-smitten skeleton of an oak, that stands a white limb'd sentinel of the blast.

The spot appears fitted by Providence to inspire the soul with terror; and imparts feelings of an opposite character from those arising from the contemplation of the scenery previously described. *Providence seems to have made the difference.* The enchantingly beautiful aspect, every where inseparable from the former, attaches barely at all to the latter. And although the power of effect on the mind of the one, may be equal to that of the other, nevertheless, its character as coming from the two is positively different. One is an effect of exquisite delight and inexpressible pleasure; the other, is an effect of contemplative terror, and inspires feelings of awe towards the Being, whose creative hand gives character in accordance with his wise purposes, and his benevolent designs.

The principle under consideration, however, is not confined to the natural world, but is traceable also *everywhere* in the moral—

“Lives through all life; extends through all extent,”

pervades the province of angels, comes to the sphere of man, necessitating extremes of character and condition; founded upon the measure of gifts, graces, and talents possessed: and will be seen conspicuously to shine forth (the happy part of what may be also taken as an illustration, more fully to show the truth of the principle) in the character of the youthful subject of our present remarks. And thus tracing the principle in the moral world, running upon a line of the happy

extreme, up to the highest conceivable point of perfection, is perhaps coming to an altitude, barely sufficient to find the medium level of the pure nature of Lætitia McFarland. Gifted above her fellows, the brightest possible example of that which in the moral world charms the thought, answering to that which in the physical most charms the eye, glowing with innocence and love, she who in eighteen thirty-seven first saw the light of this lower sphere, an emblem of the pure clime in which she was born—the healthful vicinity of the mines of beautiful Wisconsin.

Youthful Lætitia, our lamented pupil, presented a nature in every way prepossessing, and equal to exhaust the most elevated strains of sublime thought in attempting its description. And it was this, her angelic spirit by nature, that affords the subject matter of our present discourse upon her character.

Those distinguishing traits, rendering her a fit subject for the biographic page, lay not in the outward incidents of her life, but in the elementary pureness of her being, a gift separable from the circumstance of human culture. Life with her was of too short duration, a term of little more than eight years, and its opportunities of publicity too confined to attract the eye of the world. The frontier and unsettled portions of Wisconsin was the place where she was born, lived, and died; and in accordance with the newness of the settlements were the school, the Sabbath, and instructive privileges which she enjoyed. Privileges, however, in view of the part she was to act in the world, in view of the shortness of her stay therein, and all things else considered, as well for Lætitia perhaps as any other. Her enemies none, her friends few, because, comparatively speaking, few ever saw her at all; excluded from the world's society, at home with her parents, their continual delight, and the universal favorite of all, beloved and caressed, she lived, a breath of pure being, till her change came. These and other providences in Lætitia's life, compared with those of some others in the world, and the different results of life to which those providences are intended to lead, as seen ultimately to develop in the respective subjects, afford to the morally philosophic mind, the happiest possible themes of contemplation.

The very hairs of our heads are all numbered, not a sparrow falls to the ground unnoticed of the Creator; and nothing intelligent or unintelligent emanates from the Creator's hand, unconnected

with a positive view to the accomplishment thereby of a certain end; whether that end be ultimately effected, or whether thwarted by an irregularity of the agency power that may be given to the instrument. There was an object in Lætitia's life. Deep meaning was connected with her being, notwithstanding her stay on earth was short, and her existence among mankind obscure. It is not the true philosophy either of religion or of a future state, in our estimate of the subserviency to wise purposes of a human spirit, to limit that estimate to circumstances and developments in the case, as they appear to our own weak and erring powers to judge. The facts in a given case, as seen by the eye of Omniscience, may sometimes fall far below, and at others rise infinitely above the estimate on the same of the nicest possible discriminations of human wisdom, both with reference to the cause of truth and religion in the world, and with reference to what may be the common interests of a glorious future state.

In the instance of Lætitia's life, however, we can doubtless with safety infer that the preponderance was altogether in her favor. That the amount of good effected among mankind by her existence here, even its subserviency to the cause of truth and christianity, as well as its bearings upon the interests of a future state, were quite in advance of what the circumstances of her life would seem to indicate. The peculiar character of the mission of some chosen spirits in the world, and the way and means by which they are to do good to their fellow men; most plainly appear upon the face of their whole lives. Led on from scene to scene, Providence thrusting them into the midst of the storms of life, till, with a harrowed and smitten conscience for sin, they come to drink of the bitter cup of repentance, are made to taste the worm-wood and the gall, until faith in a crucified Redeemer is finally victorious, and the hour of deliverance and transformation comes. Misfortunes, however, still obstruct their path, affliction sets in upon their souls, and the things of the world would sting them to death, till they hear the terrible biddings of the Almighty for them to do his work. They go forward—the work of self sacrifice in the cause of God, and disinterested benevolence to man, is commenced and carried on till, like a Wesley, an Edwards, a Judson, or a Madame Guion, having lain up a good store for the time to come, they pass away, and the world feels their stroke forever.

Different was it, however, with Lætitia McFarland. She needed no repentance, nor any conversion, to fit her either for her work on earth, or her home in heaven. She needed no affliction to sever her affections from the things of the world, for with these she never came in contact. And although, as already suggested, she had a mission to accomplish here, nevertheless she required for it no preparatory course of providential training; for her work was of a character to be done without it: it was effected in a way different from that of action—it was effected alone upon the simple principle of *being*. For her to be, was continually the occasion of good to others. Her peculiarity at once perceivable, irresistibly induced the study of her nature by all who came in her path—a study from which it was impossible not to be benefitted. One felt the moral elevation and heavenly power of a pure spirit; and saw, with unmistakable clearness, as a natural sequence, the positive degradation of vice. The soul voluntarily experienced the inward covetings of virtue here, and was interested from the image of moral innocence and purity before it, to divine upon the character of kindred spirits in another state of being. The sentiment of the words of the Savior—a part of which is illustrated in our Engraving, “Suffer the little children to come unto me, and forbid them not; for of such is the kingdom of God”—chimes beautifully with one's thoughts in endeavoring to contemplate from such a spirit the character of the inhabitants of heaven.* A spirit from which by analogy to gain an insight of things to come, is like one of those newly discovered fixed stars that appears just within the utmost reach of the telescope, the philosopher is furnished barely with an index of what may be, burning with increased physical splendor, or shining with surpassing moral beauty, the countless inhabitants of contiguous realms. But thanks to a kind Providence, and happy is it for this our suffering and benighted world, that while our vision upon things of futurity must be so obscure, and while a knowledge of those things, however desirable, must for the present be so emphatically denied; there are, nevertheless, surrounding man a sufficiency of influences tending in that direction, to keep alive in the soul suitable hungerings for immortality, and to create a desire to be made ultimately a partaker of that which in this life eye hath not seen nor ear heard. And as one of those influences, in whatever light the same may be regarded by others, spirits

similar to the one which forms the subject of the present essay; presenting in all the associations of life models of human perfection, is by the writer considered as not among the least. Whenever we feel it difficult, in a moment to forgive injuries of the most irritating nature, whenever in our deportment towards friends from some trivial cause we allow the least distance, or manifest unkind feeling, whenever in our bosoms we cherish a disposition to live above concern and care, and take no interest for the poor, the unfortunate, and the ignorant about us, whenever we pass quickly on with no sympathy for those who are in trouble, whenever we are disposed to ridicule what may appear to us the weaknesses of some, and indulge in sport of those whom circumstances alone have made different from ourselves, or whenever our dispositions become soured, and notwithstanding all the ills of life are in any way unsoftened by the spirit of kindness, or whenever our feeling of moral rectitude does not carry us above the degradation of sin; we may be assured of the loss of those fine moral impressions, made upon the heart by the tender and affectionate look of some pale and sinking friend that was near and dear; and that with us human nature is again taking that rougher cast which was once polished away by the warm associations of the sainted and affectionate beings who have lived and died in our presence.

Notwithstanding some were the privations experienced by the writer, consequent upon being placed in the vicinity where Lætitia lived, and where also she died and was buried, yet the benefits resulting to him from the knowledge of her history alone, were more than a counter-balance for all the sacrifices he was thereby compelled to endure. The profit arising to one's own heart from the opportunity to watch the unfolding of such a nature, the interest connected with the privilege of instructing and moulding such a mind, the satisfaction and pleasure afforded from the company of a youth that was so interesting, connected with the melancholy, but in some respects pleasing reflections consequent upon the fact that such a one must so soon die, are considerations that weigh in opposition to events apparently more unpropitious connected with the same period of our life, and are also considerations though simple perhaps in themselves, yet of real importance to the morally sensitive and reflecting mind.

The personal appearance of our youthful friend was in keeping with the disposition of her heart.

All that has been indicated as attaching to her moral nature, was correspondingly signified in the expression of her lovely features, and seen in her unobtrusive and quiet bearing of manners wheresoever among others she was placed. And among all the acquaintances of Lætitia of whom we have any knowledge, we know not that we ever heard expressions respecting her contrary to those of the highest praise; while encomiums were not unfrequently bestowed, giving to her the preference as a youth over all others with whom they had been conversant. The gentleness of her behaviour towards her play-fellows secured to her the position of a universal favorite among them; all were anxious to defend Lætitia's cause; none refused to assist her when she fell; the sympathies of the whole group were expressed for her little misfortunes; and in the school room it was a matter of strife as to whom should be assigned the seat next to Lætitia. Nor will he, whose privilege and duty it was to instruct, soon forget the ruddy picture before him of her innocent presence. The habitual throw of the fingers to lay aside the flaxen hair, the submissive roll of her soft, blue eye, intuitively catching even from a look of the countenance the wishes of her teacher, and never requiring more as a motive to obedience, are indelibly written on his heart, and cannot now be referred to, and fully called to mind, and not suffuse his eyes with tears.

Lætitia was a child obedient to the injunctions of her parents; and never required, if we mistake not, even in a single instance, during her whole life, anything like correction for her misdoings.

An extract from a few lines written to her school mistress, her only composition now in the writer's possession, will sufficiently show her filial trust and regard; and also evince her own intuitive sense of religious obligation:

"I am yet but a youth, in my eighth year; I have been instructed by my mother in religious ways, and I hope never to depart from them. I wish to obey her in all things."

Both life and obedience with Lætitia, however, were soon to close. Brothers and sisters, parents and friends, pupils and teachers, can only now cherish recollections of her of whom they have been bereaved. My youthful friend,

"Thou art gone to the grave,"

disease wrested thy sweet life away; youth, beauty, and innocence, repelled not the king of

terrors, and Lætitia now sleeps by the side of the soldier and the man of bloody strife in the lonely burying ground of Fort Winnebago. In this secluded spot the writer visited her grave, and the same is where the stranger may wind a wreath for the tomb that marks her resting place; and where the passing moralist, pausing to reflect upon the various dead, and reads in mournful

epitaph the discordant and sorrowing events that mark the history of his fellow men, may nevertheless find the appointed providences of each, easy of an adjustment conciliatory with the universal beneficence of God, and harmonizing with that beautiful passage of Paulina, "The Lord is good to all, and his tender mercies are over all his works."

THOUGHTS OF MARY.

BY MAURICE O'QUILL.

When eventide o'ercasts the west
With sunset's softened gleam,
And gilds the towering mountain crest
With chastened golden beam,
Then, Mary, then I think of thee—
For thus thine eye hath shed
A light o'er hours grown dark to me,
Ere hope had wholly fled!

When glitters forth, on night's broad brow,
Like some resplendent gem,
The northern star men seek below
When wild-laid paths they stem,
'Tis then again I think of thee—
For 'midst the gloom I meet,
Thou art the cherished star I see
To guide my wandering feet!

When through the dome the silvery moon
Her pathway softly wends,
And speeds to earth a brilliant boon
Which charms to night-time lends,
Still then, my love, I think of thee—
For thou'st as brightly burst
Upon the shades that gloomed o'er me,
When mine eye saw thee first.

When gorgeous flows from eastern skies
The sun's first wakened ray,
To light along, as on it flies,
The darkness into day,
Then, Mary, then I think of thee—
For with thee came the dawn
Of brightest hours o'er known to me,
And bade the gloom begone!

Godley's Lady's Book.

YOUTH'S FOUNTAIN.

BY M. S. BARNES.

Come, wreath the red cup
With the flowers that are growing,
Where the fount of the desert
In magic is flowing;
Where the leaf born in light
And the love hallowed blossom
Float fearless and bright
On the spoiler's cold bosom.

Where each breeze as it goes,
Bears such bliss in its fleetness,
That the spirit-forms rest
To re-kindle their sweetness;—
And the wind harp has cast
Such a tone from its strings,
As if swept as they passed
By their silvery wings.

O could but the dream
Of those spring blooming bowers
Come warm on the joys
Which this moment are ours;—
Could the phantoms enshrined
In our cloud-circled lot
Drink deep of the being
That hallows that spot,—

How sweet would we wear
Through the long fairy year,
The chaplets of friendship
That brighten us here—
And love's sunny bliss
With no shadows of fearing,
Come warm as the kiss
On our morning appearing.

THE COMFORTER.

Who that has suffered—that has, in moments of deep and dark pain, found in his heart a world of misery, and then felt the necessity, cherished the heartfelt wish, to be comforted by a being from a higher world—has not, at times, hoped in enthusiastic melancholy to see an angel come down, who with merciful healing hand would touch the wounded heart, and solve the dark riddle of life and suffering?

Oh, when nature smiles around us in her glorious garment of summer,—when she, like an enchanting beloved one—affectionate, beaming, warm, embraces with pure joy man, her bridegroom,—then, if the human heart remain cold and reserved, and solemn as the grave;—if it alone cannot mingle its voice in the jubilant chorus of the earth,—if man fancy himself to be the only repulsed one,—how good were it then if a voice from heaven whispered the assertion to the unhappy one, "Thou also art beloved! Son of suffering, endure with patience; thou also shalt one time drink from the cup of happiness!"

Ye bitter sufferings, inconsolable sorrow, despair—I have known ye! Heavenly voice, full of mercy and comfort, I have heard thee, and shall never forget thee. Yet to-day callest thou to me from the world of spirits. My soul hears thee, my heart understands thee! At this moment, in which memory has opened the leaves of my book of life, and my pen will recall the remembrance of long flown times, the still night has lain all around me to rest. I am alone, awake, and with me it is suffering which dissipates repose. The pale light of my lamp makes me aware of the shadow of a fearful form upon the wall near me, which reminds me of that which legends ascribe to the gnomes, those children of dust and of darkness. This horrible shape is my own—is my body. And this, so deformed, so heavily afflicted body is united to a soul which adores the beautiful in the inward being as well as in the outward form.

Alone with myself and my shadow, surrounded by night and silence, I yet feel the smile float upon my lips,—I listen with quiet joy to the harmonious voices which rise up from the depths of my soul in humble offerings of praise to

heaven; and I can only compare the delightful, clear peace which encompasses my soul, with the gentle moonlight that at this moment spreads itself over the moss-roses in my window.

There was a time when every thing in me was quite otherwise, in which I hated the world and myself; in which I wished that I had never been born.

In the May of life, during those days of spring in which the whole of organized nature, every created existence, becomes partaker of some drops of joy; in which gentle pinions rock mankind, and heaven vaults itself so loftily and brightly above us,—at that time I became acquainted with misfortune, and bitter were then my complaints.

It was in my drooping soul, as in the outward world, when, in our northern climate, the days towards winter rapidly decrease, the nights become longer, and the sun, like a dying one, seems only to rise, to say farewell, and then to sink again. I cherished not the hope that a new year would alter for me the course of things; on the contrary, I saw behind the decreasing light a night becoming ever more and more dark, spread itself over all.

Happy are the dead; they suffer no longer! Happier still are the unborn, who have never suffered! Happy also are you, ye pitied fools; ye who laugh at your misery; ye who plait for yourselves crowns from your straw couches; ye who dream that ye are great and happy. Ye are pitied unjustly! Ah, ye feel, indeed, nothing, and your misfortune is concealed by the flowers of your madness. Happy are ye!

Thus thought I, thus complained I, as one evening I dragged myself along with slow steps, in one of the darkest alleys of the park on the estate of my parents.

I was young and unhappy, and never—no, never—can one feel misfortune so bitterly as in youth. In maturer years the feelings become blunted—the blood flows more tranquilly; one is already accustomed to suffering—the way is not then so long to the terminating goal of all suffering. But when pain surprises us in youth, then that which is terrific in its novelty is in-

creased by the yet uncurbed strength of the feelings by which that wild, fruitless struggle against fate is excited, whose consequences are hopelessness and despair.

Sickly and infirm at nineteen, I went through life timid and gloomy as an unblessed shade. I had been happy; therefore, I now suffered so much the more. I was full of life and health till my seventeenth year,—and so beloved—and so happy! Then I felt myself good, found the world so beautiful, regarded mankind as angels, and God as the Father of all. A tedious illness threw me about this time upon the couch of suffering, from which I arose again disfigured in the most fearful manner. People pitied me at first; but soon they turned away from me—my mother also, my brothers and sisters, did so. My heart became bitter; I felt the deterioration of my mind, and began to think myself abandoned by God and man. The careful education, the fine accomplishments, which, in my younger years, had been my share, served now only to sharpen the sense of my misfortune. Never beat a heart in a human breast with more glowing love of freedom, activity, and the heroic virtues, which history displays in splendid prototypes. Never flamed more enthusiastically the spirit of emulation in the soul of a youth. Cato, Brutus, Scipio, Regulus, they were my prototypes—I wished to resemble them, if not to excel them all,—and my name, like theirs, should be honored by a noble posterity. Renown and joy, with a rich, virtuous, and useful life,—that was the quickly vanished dream of my first youth.

Miserable compassion, contempt, forgetfulness—with a useless, sickly, joyless life—were the horrible realities which locked me in their iron arms on my awaking, which drew me down from my heaven, and darkened to me the whole world,—and God, and his beautiful sun, and his mercy towards his creatures.

Doubt, with its murmuring, never-answered questions, arose in my soul, and midnight darkness inclosed my uneasily throbbing heart. An unending pain agitated my breast, whilst the panting breath moved it up and down.

"And how have I sinned that I should be so severely, so fearfully punished—for what have I become so unhappy?" asked I, loudly murmuring, as with tearful eyes I looked around me on the blooming scenes which richly and beautifully surrounded me.

It was a gloriously fine evening. The sun was descending, all was tranquil—only a low murmur

stole now and then, like a whispered declaration of love, between foliage and flowers through the wood. Every thing seemed to rejoice—I alone suffered! I wished to be the bird which thoughtfully twittered, swinging upon the green branches,—or the flower which beamed so splendidly, which gave forth such sweet odor,—or the butter-fly which rested in its bosom,—nay, even the moss overgrown, happy, senseless rock against which I leaned;—only not man—only not the suffering, pitiable human being which I was!

I rested myself beside a lake which bounded the park, and which was encompassed by the most beautiful shores.

O how often had I formerly, with youthful pleasure and joy, guided my little boat over its dancing waves! How often had I, with my powerful arms, divided its gentle waters—kissed them with warm lips—and seen in the clear depths which mirrored back a cloudless heaven, the image of my pure heart, my fresh life! As formerly, still green, riant shores garlanded the quiet lake,—as formerly, the dark blue of the heavens reflected itself in its depths—my boat lay on the shore,—every thing had remained so unchanged, so kindly unchanged! I only was no longer like myself, was no longer the same. I found every thing here, excepting only myself.

I bowed myself down to touch the cool water with my glowing lips, but suddenly drew back at the sight of my own detestable image, which, like my demon of misfortune, raised itself towards me more terrific than ever from the dark depths. It was to me as if I had been stung by a snake.

With disordered and painful feelings, I fixed my stony gaze upon the opposite shore. Joyful human voices sounded thence; and I soon perceived how gay couples swung around in a merry midsummer dance. Songs and laughter echoed back from the rocks around. I arose, turned myself away, and went deeper into the wood.

Through the opening of an avenue shone opposite to me the brilliantly-illumed windows of the castle of my parents. They held there that night a festival to celebrate the return of my eldest sister to the paternal house. She had left it in her childhood, in order to be brought up by near relations in the capital; and now returned an amiable bride, and was received by festivities which I now escaped as earnestly as I formerly had sought them.

"Nobody will miss me, nobody will think about me," thought I, with bitter feelings, as I went away to seek for darkness and quiet.

'Parents, brothers and sisters, make for yourselves pleasure—dance—sing! I shall never more sing, never more dance, never more laugh!'

Music now resounded from the castle, and brought to me the bewitching tones of my favorite waltz,—the joyous voices from the shore became louder and louder,—I went, and went, and went,—they pursued me. O all ye unfortunate friends, ye who like me have felt yourselves without joy, without hope in the world—was it not then during the innocent joy of others, that envy and bitter chagrin crept into your hearts? If it be painful to suffer undeservedly, then it is doubly painful to be obliged to say that one has deserved it, when one, for the first time, detects in oneself an envious and disdainful state of mind. I cannot describe what a feeling of infinite pain overpowered for some moments my whole being. My whole power was concentrated upon one point—upon the consciousness of my suffering. It was intolerable to me. "O my God! comfort me, comfort me!" exclaimed I many times with a hollow voice, before which I myself shuddered. "If thou be the God of mercy, then pity thou thy suffering child! Give me again that which thou hast taken from me; or open thy heaven—send an angel to me, an angel which shall tell me why I suffer,—or annihilate me! I am a grain of dust before thee—mingle me with the dust—only cause that I cease to feel, to suffer!" This wild, incoherent prayer—ah, I felt it—was only an audacious, bitter murmur. I should have thrown from me at this moment every earthly consolation, I should not have received them. An angel's voice alone, an immediate revelation, would only, so I imagined, give me tranquility,—could only give me back my extinguished hope, my faith on that which once had been so sacred, so certain, and so clear, and which now to my feeling, unstable, and wrapped in darkness, left me without any support.

Every one who, like me, has been suddenly and unexpectedly plunged into the depths of misfortune, will feel with me. People could not be so unhappy if, with the loss of all earthly hopes, they did not also often lose faith in a wise and merciful God. That gracious voice which exclaimed to us that not a sparrow, much less one of us, falls unobserved to the earth—that the hairs of our head are all numbered—this voice is not perceived in the tempest of passions—and if even it does find a way to our breast, it is not always able to silence the excited waves—for that wild, impatient heart desires then an instan-

taneous effect to prove its truth,—and if in our murmuring no consolatory feeling descends into our tumultuous heart—if our fate does not change, our sufferings remain the same,—then we despair—then—ah, how unhappy are we then!

With eyes fixed on the night I went onward, and seemed to myself like a child of the night.

All at once as it were a hundred weight fell upon my heart, that which I suffered, what I felt, might be only a repetition of that which others had felt and suffered before me. The bloody sweat of millions of human beings, the tears of millions had moistened before me the path of pain upon which I wandered, and would moisten it after me; and shuddering, I saw in thought, like ugly ghosts, darker than the night which encompassed me, all the sufferings and afflictions of the human race pass before me—the sufferings of the body, of the heart, of feeling, those never wearied harpies, which leave not the unfortunate, until he has, brother-like, extended his hand as a skeleton to death,—and in my own name, and that of all sufferers, I lifted up a piercing, painful, murmuring cry, and directed my eyes lamentingly to the stars. In tranquil, undisturbed majesty, they stood clearly sparkling above my head, and this immovable order, this eternally unshaken repose of heaven, awoke in my breast, ice-cold despair. "Let us die!" exclaimed I in thought to my brethren in misfortune, "Let us die—then all is at an end,—we have no compassionate Father in heaven!"

I had seated myself, and felt with gloomy satisfaction the dampness of the night penetrate my dress;—I hoped that it would undermine my enfeebled health,—and my only wish now was for death. Whether it would conduct me now to a more friendly fate, or only annihilate my afflicted being, it was welcome to me, dear to me, and inwardly longed for by me. Nobody would weep for me,—all my family would, like myself, regard my death as a gain. I knew it, knew it only too well!

Towards midnight the music was silent, and I heard the dancers on the shore depart by degrees, amid cheerful sounds. All at length was still. It had become dark, and the stars, whose glittering pomp had seemed to mock my pain, were wrapped in clouds. The whole country lay hidden in deep night, and at a distance the thunder was heard to roll. All this accorded more with my inward feeling, and did me infinite good. I threw myself down upon the ground and wept bitterly. I wept long, and felt thereby

a beneficial alleviation. Gentler feelings pressed into my heart, and combatted against the bitter ones. The thoughts so precious to me of a reward on the other side of life, for sufferings patiently endured, of a wise, all-compassionate Father came again and again. I was now able to pray to him with a submissive heart. I prayed,—prayed for consolation—for light and strength, with that fervent, nameless prayer, whose strength opens heavens, and seems able to press with the sighs of the heart, to the throne of the Eternal. I had, whilst I prayed, raised myself up, but soon sank down again to the earth, enfeebled by my feelings and by pain, deprived even as much of thought as of power, and dull tones of lamentation labored forth from my panting breast.

The night was warm, and so tranquil that no breath of air was sent forth; yet it seemed to me at times as if a trembling passed through the leaves of the poplar, under which I lay with my face to the earth, and each time an involuntary shudder passed through me. Three times, it seemed to me as if a hand passed over my head lightly and caressingly, and with the pleasant sensation which I perceived therefrom, a delightful remembrance of my childhood livingly awoke within me. So had Maria, the little beloved one of my childish years, caressed me, when we, fatigued by sport and exercise, rested upon the grass together. I had perceived this sensation, when the little one raised her feeble hand from her death-bed and laid it, for then she could no longer speak, as it were in blessing on my head.

Was she near to me at this moment? Was she, the glorified angel of earth, sent by the All-merciful to comfort me? O how my heart beat as these thoughts arose in my soul!

I believed with certainty that something supernatural was near me, but, although the hair of my head rose upright, yet my heart felt no fear. What, indeed, does one fear when one is deeply wretched? Nay, even the most gloomy revelations of the spiritual world terrify no longer. The feelings of horror which they infuse are welcome; they refresh—they raise us above earthly pain; and seem less horrible than this. It is, however, a consolation which, as we believe, approaches us in a beloved shape from that unknown land at whose portals all lights of the human spirit are extinguished—therefore all becomes tranquil in the tumultuous breast, and all the pulses beat in adoring expectation. Thus operated in my soul the thought of Maria's presence. I called her softly by name—besought her to lay her

hand upon my heart,—and amid feelings of peace and sweet repose, such as I had never felt before, I fell into a kind of dreaming stupefaction. During this, it appeared to me that I saw Maria clothed in white, and indescribably beautiful, sit near me, in her hand a palm-branch with which she fanned me—whilst I, in no condition to speak or clearly to think, pleased myself for some moments only by the feeling, how well it was with me. All at once I perceived Maria seize me by the hand, and amid feelings of indescribable satisfaction I fancied myself floating away at her side over the earth towards heaven.

"I am dead!" thought I, and an unspeakable sensation of joy passed with the thought through my soul.

I wished to turn myself round, that I might yet once more behold this earth upon which I had suffered so much—but mists dimmed my view.

The clouds environed me ever more densely; I felt how the frosty damps chilled my breast, and dulled the glow which the restless beating of my heart had occasioned. "It is good!" thought I; "that is the enfolding of the grave, the embrace of death—how beautifully they cool!—soon—soon shall I be transformed." Again it became dark to me, as if I were not yet dead, only dying. My mind became every moment more benumbed; it became ever darker and darker before my eyes—a dull souging, as of distant woods, was in my ears. Yet clearly and calmly remained to me the consciousness of a guiding hand, even in the moments in which I entirely seemed to lose the consciousness of my own existence.

A sudden feeling of pain, which thrilled through my heart like a dagger-stroke, recalled me to thought and consciousness. I found myself lying upon the earth as shortly before, and should have regarded all as merely a dream had I not still felt the soft, warm hand which inclosed mine. I was feeble and powerless. Without raising my head, I exclaimed, "O Maria, why didst thou not take me up into thy bright home? Why am I yet upon earth, where people suffer so much and so hopelessly—why, ah, why must I still suffer?"

"God wills it," replied a voice, as charming and melodious as we represent to ourselves that of angels. Impatiently murmuring, I asked, "And to what purpose should I live and suffer?"

"In order to be better thyself—to be useful to others."

"How can I, miserable worm, be useful to others?"

"Through thy patience—through the example of thy submission."

"Ah, I have strength to feel my suffering, but not to bear it!"

"Pray!"

"God's image is darkened in my heart—I cannot pray! I have seen the abyss of pain—have understood the sufferings of men,—and I see—I understand God no more! O be not angry, pure, holy angel. Thou who livest in light—look mercifully upon the sun of darkness—enlighten me—comfort me!"

"Yes, I will comfort thee!"

"Tell me, compassionate angel, has the Eternal sent thee to me?"

"He has sent me to thee."

"His eye thus, then, sees the tormented worm creeping in the dust? The suffering creatures of the earth are not unobserved by him?"

"He sees, he numbers them all."

"O Maria! say, if God be all-good and merciful, wherefore all the wretchedness, all the sufferings of men?"

"It is sufficient for thee to know that he will afford comfort to all, and will some time cause all suffering to cease."

"I cannot take hold on this comfort—I do not understand how happiness can ever outweigh pain. Happy angel—thou who wast already in childhood snatched away from the earth—thou hast never known its afflictions—thou understandest them not! Hear now one of its victims speak! Hear, and if thy incorporeal being can yet cherish human feelings—if this heart, familiar with the felicity of heaven, be not cold to foreign suffering—then shudder!" And from the depths of my agitated heart I exclaimed—"We suffer, we suffer! We call for help, and the earth opens her abysses, and heaven looks coldly down and despises us. The night of despair covers us—the vulture sits on our heart, and rends from it piece after piece—and gnaws and gnaws. We call on death, but death comes not. We curse our life—we blaspheme—" I paused, thrilled through with horror!

Every thing was still for a moment, and I endeavored, with a convulsive effort to stupify my mind; for I dreaded to hear that scornful laughter, to see those dark abysses, to feel those pangs of agony.

"Listen!" said the angel-voice, suddenly, strong and delicious as a harp-tone. "Listen to the

song of victory from my lips, which the suffering children of earth will some time sing altogether in the bright heavens!" And I heard the angelic song, which sounded like a voice out of the clouds, and yet quite near to me.

O thou human anguish,
Thy abode was brief!
Heart, enfranchised captive,
What a blessed relief,
By suffering purified,
Now to God allied!

To the bright blue heaven,
From the vale of care,
Let thine eye be given,
Think not on despair!
See above, in brightness,
The dwelling of uprightness!

Though our life's track leads us
Through a foreign land,
'Tis but the course that speeds us
To the bright world's strand,
And afar off, we
The Father's house can see.

There our hopes were tending
Amid storm and fear;
Blessedness unending
Now surrounds us here.
The appointed goal is gained,
The victory is obtained!

Never more in sadness
Shall we look to heaven,
Spring's eternal gladness
To our hearts is given;
And like the saints above,
Henceforth our life is love!

Here no mist surroundeth,
Error all is o'er;
Word of doubt confoundeth
Our weak faith no more,
For truth so pure, so clear,
Shineth only here!

The song ceased, but I fancied I still heard it. The pain also in my soul ceased. I felt how every bitter feeling within me dissolved itself by degrees, and gave place to gentle, consolatory ones. Sweet tears ran down my cheeks, and a feeling like that of the peace just now sung, overcame for a moment my being. Soon, however, the torment woke again, and doubt raised itself again from the depths of my soul. I folded my hands and prayed, "O pitying, gentle angel, forgive my weakness—leave me not—continue to give my soul light! Tell me, what indeed is that for which we here struggle and suffer?"

"The right, the true life, of which this earthly life is only the shadow. An eternal mounting upwards, an eternal approach to God, the fountain of truth and bliss. That light, that peace, that sanctification and pure joy, which we here seek for in vain, we shall there find."

"Ah," I replied, gloomily, "night encompasses me—I cannot take hold on the light."

"Behold, the red of the morning breaks," cried the voice; "behold how it diffuses light around us; how every object, which just now was yet veiled in nocturnal shadow, appears in brightness, beauty, and truth. Thus also on the morning of eternity will its sun diffuse light over all the perplexities of life,—then wilt thou understand wherefore thou hast suffered; only continue good, only continue submissive—and all will be right. Son of suffering! thou also wilt one day drink from the cup of felicity!"

"And the poor tempted ones, they whom misfortune leads to crime, whom misfortune degrades—what fate may they expect?"

"God is merciful and just—adore him!"

"And the wicked,—they whom a horrible destiny seems even from their cradle to have destined to be the scourge of their fellow-beings?"

The angel was silent a while, but at length

said with a gentle, solemn seriousness, "Wherefore these questions, this disquiet, child of dust? There is a God—worship God!"

It became brighter in my soul. "O," said I, softly, "I understand thee. God is God, and that says everything,—my God also," added I, with deep and joyous feelings.

"And thy Father!" said the angelic voice.

"Yes—my Father,—and a Father who pardons! O Maria, tell me—if I, too weak to bear my burden, voluntarily laid down a life which I felt to be intolerable, would not this Father receive his unhappy child into his paternal bosom?"

"Do not mislead thyself," replied the voice, "he who gives way before the trial, can never deserve the reward. O, suffer with patience—hope with confidence! Deprive not thyself of the reward which awaits thee—of the well-pleasing of God, of the good pure witness of thine own conscience, of the blessings of those to whom thou canst be upon earth a support and a comfort."

"But if I see that I am a burden to others as to myself, if—"

"Do right and worship God," replied the voice, in a severe tone.

[To be continued.]

MY BIRD.

BY FANNY FORESTER.

Even last year's moon had left the sky,
A birdling sought my Indian nest,
And folded, oh so lovingly!
Her tiny wings upon my breast.

From morn till evening's purple tinge,
In winsome helplessness she lies;
Two rose leaves, with a silken fringe,
Shut softly on her starry eyes.

There's not in Ind a lovelier bird;
Broad earth owns not a happier nest;
Oh, God, thou hast a fountain stirred,
Whose waters never more shall rest!

This beautiful, mysterious thing,
This seeming visitant from heaven,

This bird with the immortal wing,
To me—to me, Thy hand has given.

The pulse first caught its tiny stroke,
The blood its crimson hue, from mine;
This life, which I have dared invoke,
Henceforth is parallel with thine.

A silent awe is in my room—
I tremble with delicious fear;
The future, with its light and gloom,
Time and Eternity, are here.

Doubts—hopes, in eager tumult rise;
Hear, oh my God! one earnest prayer:—
Room for my bird in Paradise,
And give her angel plumage there!

A TRUE STORY.

Is it the duty of every one to add to the happiness of others? Who can doubt the obligations of each one to promote the happiness and advancement of the human family—every individual in society at some time practically consents to the assertion; at least, as far as interest in his portion of the human race is concerned; else why the care and exertion of parents for the improvement of their children, and all the voluntary associations for schools and domestic institutions that the door of improvement may be open to all; or why is he, who will take no part in promoting general good, set apart in the eyes of the community, as one suited to have a place and portion by himself? Who can long seek pleasure alone; the idea is absurd—there is no created self-moving power in the natural world, no isolated existence, and so is there none in the moral. God did not see fit to exist alone, but has caused innumerable beings whose happiness consists in mutual intercourse, and whose highest joy should be felt in communion with Him, the fountain of all good. “Cast thy bread upon the waters, and thou shalt find it after many days. Give a portion to seven, and also to eight; for thou knowest not what evil shall be upon the earth.” Shall I explain this? Inconstant and uncertain as affairs are here, not knowing what adversity may befall you, be liberal on all occasions that Providence may offer, and thou *shalt* find returns of thy liberality; yea, often “after many days,” and when least expected. Have you ever seen one refuse to weep with those that weep (even could they give nothing but the sympathizing tear) that felt happy? no; even to to their own consciences an excuse seems necessary. Do all the good you can, every day presents an offer, very trifling it may sometimes seem, but yet, oh how momentous to others or *yourself*; be kind and affectionate one to another; be gentle, too, even if the slanderer crosses your path, his sting may wound and annoy you for a season, but God will right you; gentle words are “like apples of gold in pictures of silver,” they throw a sweet halo around those that move within your circle, disarming the rougher passions of others, thereby adding much to the happiness of the

human family. Say not “you have no influence,” the child that can walk and talk has it; how soon will one child lead another to acts of disobedience, or a word of *caution* prevent a schoolmate from doing an unseemly act. An idle word or a bitter sarcasm has caused hours of suffering; a few words of comfort, borne on the gentle breeze, has stayed the hand of the suicide, or opened the floodgates of the heart that had been pent up for many a weary day.

Some years since, I knew a young lady, the hope of her parents, the joy of her brother. We were intimate. The inmost recesses of her heart she opened to her mother, and sought her advice on all occasions. That mother died, and her father soon followed his partner to the grave. The family had been in easy circumstances, and from a child Mary had been accustomed to perform little acts of kindness for others, and never seemed to feel more happy than when taking from herself to bestow on the needy, or in employing time allotted to visiting, in seeing the sick; and many an hour did she spend, much to their gratification, in reading to them.

The brother left home to seek his fortune in another city, promising to write often. For a time he did so; but going forth in his own strength, with not even the earthly prop of his dear parents, or the gentle restraining influence of his only sister; he fell into the “snare of the fowler.” His letters were less frequent and less affectionate; more hurried, too, with overcharged excuses, till Mary’s heart grew too anxious, and she determined to seek her brother. To but very few had she told her fears; those few deeply felt for her, and had cheered her with the hope that the absent would soon return. Anxiety made her feeble, still the poor were not forgotten. On returning from one of those visits, she passed two young ladies; one inquired who *that* was. “Oh, Mary, the saint; but did you hear her brother had committed forgery?” The arrow hit its mark, and Mary fell.

Days of sickness, and hours, yea, months of anguish passed. Many kind hearts whom *she* had comforted were at work to stem the tide of grief; a petition was up, signed by the grateful

pen, and plead for by the thankful heart. Mary's brother was pardoned, and bowed his head by her bedside; the physician was there, and his wife also was there, Mary's intimate friend; the pastor, too, was there; life was almost gone, when the patient sufferer raised her head, told her friend to say to that young lady she had long since forgiven her; then, extending the other hand to her beloved pastor, for one was clasped by her brother, and looking him full in the face, with a clear voice, said, "At my funeral preach to the young; oh, they are the ones! tell them

to seek Christ early, and learn to be meek and mild, to be cautious of the feelings of others, and not willingly wound any one; and to see how good God is,—I was taught to 'give a portion to seven, and also to eight, not knowing what evil shall be upon the earth,'—and here my brother is restored through the exertion of those I have done so little for; indeed, has it not been returned seventy fold? yes; it cannot be numbered!" Then, blessing her brother—Mary's spirit took its flight.

MUSIC OF NATURE.

BY J. L. ENOS.

"ALL Nature speaks in Music—every tone
She utters, from the crashing thunder's roar,
Or ocean's gush upon the rocky shore,
Down to the insect's hum, or light wind's moan,
Is full of harmony; or, if there be
A jarring discord 'mid her thousand strings,
One note that chimes not with the hymn she sings,
'Tis man that strikes the chord and mars the key."

No study is so well calculated to inspire the mind with sublime and holy feelings as is the study of nature. In every department of the vast empire of the Almighty, harmonic purity and perfection reign. From the morn of creation all things have moved uniform and majestic. No note of discord is ever heard in Nature's choir. The ocean billow, the silvery lake, the rolling river and the rippling rill—all sing the common song of God Almighty's power.

The thundering cascade and wintry storm—the summer shower and the falling dew give testimony of his justice and mercy. In the sunshine and in the storm, Nature's works are ever singing praises to Him who fashioned them at his will—who spake and suns and satellites sprang into being and danced in Heaven's unbounded hall in perfect unison with the song of those sons of the morning, who shouted for joy

when the Heavens were created and adorned with glory and perfection.

Go, skeptic, and listen to the music of the spheres, and say then if you can, *no God exists*.

Music—sweet and enchanting music is heard in every department of inanimate nature. Matter empowered with animation awakens in each mind new feelings of sublimity. The feathered songsters of the grove delight the mind with their warblings, and the music of God's most perfect work purifies and ennobles it. Nature's music has ever been used, since time rested in the womb of creation, and will continue to exist—growing in glory—until the last sand shall have been washed by the latest billow of time's rolling ocean; and, when the stillness of the millennium shall fade in eternity, it shall receive for itself wings of immortal youth, and forever enliven the paradise of Heaven, and rise from glory to glory as mind shall progress from perfection to perfection.

"Then, o'er the mountains shall that sun arise
Which sees no strife, and hears no bitter voice
Of blasphemy, no sorrow's hopeless sighs,
To grate on angel's ears—and men rejoice,
With hearts and tones in unison, to sing
One grateful song to HEAVEN'S ETERNAL KING."

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

BY H. H. CLEMENTS.

God grasps at random the men whom he has destined to represent their generation on earth, he imparts and assigns them the physical organs of life, to fill the vacant department of thought, and to inspire all who need the guiding light of their intellect, with a precious immortality of celestial hopes.

The subject of this brief sketch was the *Imperio Natos* of his time; and so gracefully did the duty of empire rest upon him, that its requisitions were little less burdensome than the simple joys which cluster around the happy sphere of domestic life. The scholar, sage, poet, and statesman, were in him so immediately mingled, that he might have stood forth as the multiplied embodiment of all.

It is only as a dweller in the fruitful realm of thought, that we should consider the subject of this insufficient sketch. We would not stir the hallowed dust of recent memories, to revive a single public act; inasmuch as all of those actions are destined to live beyond him or the age in which he existed. They have become distinct and settled matters of history, and will go down the pathway of years, burdened with the spirit of their originator.

A toil-worn but devoted heart, offering up the better moments of existence upon the altar of Eternity, those thoughts which are to pass into other ages and distant lands, to live in others' emotions when he that conceived them has mouldered into dust, is a matter of ineffable interest to us all. It is this which hallows the writer's calling; and inasmuch as those thoughts are unconnected with the outward affairs of the world, in an inverse ratio do they abstract the utterer from actual and ordinary existence.

"His soul is like a star, and dwells apart."

It is this air of the spiritual that hovers around the scholar, which gives his life and actions a peculiar moral influence. We love to revel in the enchantments which his imagination hath created around us, and to watch and emulate the slow degrees by which he was lifted into

life. While we thus contemplate the strong soul seated in the serenity of sceptred strength, we are prompted to inquire where lay the charm of power, and how it is that men are so willing to dwell in the majesty of mental contentment when acquiring the set of principles which he has laid down for them to recognise. Like the azure depths of the great heavens, does the wealth of such a soul expand itself, touching, like the circling currents of the viewless air, every object in the widest bounds of nature. The feelings of such a man do not weaken by diffusion, but spring up in fragrance and beautify the pathway to the grave.

The poetry of a life like this, if, as the poet hath said it, "were all poetry," instead of being engrossed with the cares of state, would be stamped with the seal of something more than human. But Mr. Adams' verse was only the reflex of individual emotion, and not the precious offspring of spiritual experience. Amidst the pressure of political cares, it was the smooth stream gliding through a forest—bright amid the darkness—that bears the soul gently from horrid tangles into quiet meadows and smooth fields of joy.

There is a charm in the display of such power which enthral the soul: we do not look for the whirlwind of emotions which rend in twain every passion of Byron, or the calm serenity of Wordsworth, or the lurid and splendid visions of Dante. He indulges in no straining after the impossible,—in no reaching after the unattainable—but in settled peace he looks upon things with the calm eye of philosophic experience. This is somewhat peculiar in one to whom poetry is not an art. He could lend the listening sense to every grateful sound of earth and air, and infuse his own spirit in them all. This homogeneousness of mind pointedly illustrates its versatility, for in proportion to the largeness of the intellect is the variety of sympathy. There was no mental intolerance in anything Mr. A. did; he had lived long enough to emerge from the thralldom of his emotions—his thoughts flow along weltering on

the waves of time, an argosy of exhaustless wealth. Poetry derives its chief charm from association. With the music of his name who

"Woke to ecstasy the living lyre,"

vibrate in our memory his actions, looks, and character. It is with such feelings that we listen to the drifts of thought, melody, and feeling that flowed from Mr. Adams' pen. Some image of peace and joy they constantly revive: the bird, the picture, the flower, that nameless something which serves as a universal bond of reverence between the common brotherhood of man.

The youth gradually forsakes his romantic fancies as he emerges into manhood, naturally obliterating in the natural world of things all perception of the beautiful; but how rare it is to find one whose head is white with the drifting snow of cares, still lingering in the temple of the ideal! What a contrast is presented in the character of the venerable man, whose life of light has just gone out in the darkness of the grave! Absorbed in the cares of state—standing at the head of history—serving the nation in distant lands—he was all the same—

"Sage in meditation found."

A tone of generous and enlightened feeling pervades all Mr. Adams' published writings; the warm friend of every scheme of philanthropy and improvement, they appeal to every principle of imperishable truth and affection, that is laid in the foundation of our life. But what a touching and memorable life and death! In the nation's capitol, where his voice had oft been lifted in solemn warning to his countrymen, his eagle spirit took its glorious flight. Brightly it passed from the strife of the world—

"In the long way that each must tread alone."

The messenger came without warning, amidst engrossing duties; and at an hour when we needed his counsels most, the cold hand of death was laid upon his heart, and it was pulseless forever.

There is something fine enough for a grouping in the scene between the dying statesman and Mr. Clay. Sense had fled, and the only visible token of life remaining was the wild wave heaving to and fro in his bosom. There stood the old man of Ashland, speechless with emotion, while the tears rolled over his furrowed cheeks,

the unmistakable sign of heartfelt grief. This was a heavy blow, but—

"Life to everything that breathes is full of care."

Two great spirits, who had stood side by side, champions of liberty and the cause of humanity, had met for the last time on earth. Struggle and strife, the common doom of man, they had both shared—both had displayed the same wide range of thought; the same vivid abundance of suggestion in supplying the wants of a people grown up beneath their fostering care. As if no change could be, in the clear lustre of their exhaustless souls, men began to think the monarch mind could never wander from its seat. But—

The dead are everywhere,
Where'er is love, or tenderness, or faith;
Where'er is pomp or pleasure, pride; where'er
Life is or was, is death.

It is the province of men of genius to adorn each other's life—they "multiply themselves in others," but to themselves alone the beauty of their minds is revealed with a clearer and purer light. Each in his own high contemplation sits apart, and every radiant hue in the realm of fancy is reflected back and forth, and spreads around a glow of delight—an inspiration of eternity.

To quicken the influence of this perception, we have ventured to include a little lyric, the production of Caleb Lyon, the poet and oriental scholar; and as the germ of a poet's sympathy is in his heart, it presents a touching tribute to the power of the affections and their duties, in coloring with a changeless joy the deep and mighty spirit, whose starlight of antique knowledge shined around the "glory and freshness of a dream," and was enshrined with every function and attribute of the Deity.

JOHN QUINCY ADAMS.

LINES WRITTEN IN THE CAPITOL, THE EVENING
OF FEBRUARY 23, 1848.

BY CALEB LYON, OF LYONSDALE.

'Tis night, and the stars are their lone vigils keeping,
And shed their bright rays o'er the Capitol's dome;
'Tis night, and the dews of evening are weeping,
For angels are bearing a weary heart home.

War-worn, he fell on the field where he battled—
The champion of freedom, the veteran of years:
Where the conflicts of mind fiercely echoing rattled,
Nor dimmed were his triumphs with suffering or tears.

Though his body may perish, his mind in its splendor
 Shall beacon us onward, a star in the sky;
 And filling our spirits with memories most tender,
 We'll mourn that the good and pure-hearted must die.

No more shall his voice, with eloquence burning,
 Plead earnest for truth, when dark errors enslave;
 A heart full of kindness—a mind gemmed with learning—
 "The path of whose glory but leads to the grave."

He has gone where a Congress of Nations are meeting,
 Whose names are impressed on the deeds of an age;
 He has gone where the Pilgrims of Freedom are greeting
 The scholar, the statesman, the patriot, the sage.

Such is the power of the song of the minstrel,
 and let no man reject it, for the poet is the
 unacknowledged legislator of men. "Let me
 write the songs of a nation, and I do not care
 who makes its laws," says Swift. The observa-
 tion is profoundly true; a single line from Horace
 will urge millions to die for their country; and
 another of Virgil will bring a tear to the eye of
 the far-wandering patriot, and teach him, even
 in death, to think of his own lovely land.

Mr. Adams' lyre was strung with no such
 chords, neither did it tremble with any such fire
 of inspiration. His lines are impressive from
 their composure—there is a sensation of humor,
 too, refined from all grossness;—they are thrown
 off with an easy and familiar effect, which leaves
 us to believe that the mine of poetic richness
 was not properly worked. It is a voice of
 healthful freshness, inviting us to partake of the
 feast of life. It reflects its own state. There is
 no desponding prospect, no regretful retrospect,
 the signs of a laden and troubled heart.

The poem quoted below is an illustration of
 this fact. It was a favorite one of the veteran
 statesman, and adorns the Albums of many
 persons who pressed him for autographs. It
 shows the eagerness and avidity that was evinced

to possess themselves of the commonest trifle
 that fell from the pen of this extraordinary man
 —to retain a single link of the golden chain of
 his splendid being.

The chief interest appertaining to this poem
 is the probability that it is the last copy he ever
 wrote, as it is dated a few days previous to his
 death.

In days of yore, the Poet's pen
 From wing of bird was plundered:
 Perchance a goose, but now and then
 From Jove's own eagle sundered.
 But now metallic pens disclose
 Alone the Poet's numbers—
 In iron inspiration glows,
 Or with the minstrel slumbers.

Fair damsel, could my pen impart,
 In prose or lofty rhyme,
 The pure effusions of my heart
 To speed the flight of time,
 What metal from the womb of earth
 Could worth intrinsic bear,
 To stamp with corresponding worth
 The blessings thou should'st share?

For Mrs. Lyon of Lyonsdale,
 Washington, Feb. 18th, 1848.

"This is the end of life, I am content," was
 the exclamation, as the last wave of life swept
 over his sinking spirit. The long days of toil,
 and feverish nights of thought, had weakened
 the might of the soul. Fame gilded his days
 with immortal splendor to their close. The
 stream on which he passed to the spiritual world
 was calm and tranquil as the first aspect of the
 awakened sky, for every sense by which the
 world's joys are tasted was gratified—the thread
 of his destiny was fully spun—and the wisdom
 of ambition lengthened by the line of his earthly
 hopes. The drama which he undertook to
 perform was wound up in a finished plan of
 complete and demonstrative greatness.

John Quincy Adams.

THE CASKET OF JEWELS RETURNED.

My readers know well that I am not given to writing fiction. There is, in truth, no species of composition against which I have spoken so frequently and so freely. My early habits, my taste, my judgment, and my inclinations go against it; and my strong argument in opposition to it is, that truth is not only always more useful, but decidedly more interesting. There have occurred, and there are daily occurring, so many strange events in this strange world, which are as yet unwritten, that there is no need of our resorting, for entertaining and profitable lessons, to the imagination.

It is true, when the minute facts in any anecdote or story have been partially obscured by the lapse of time, it is always allowable for the narrator to fill up the chasms by a sort of combined effort of his memory and invention. This license is given even to the historian, whose details are of vast moment to states and empires; and it is a privilege under which alone things long since passed can be recovered.

With these introductory reflections, rendered necessary by my known hostility to works of mere fancy, I will proceed to sketch the outlines of a little piece of history, which, at different times, I have told as a temperance story; and I am specially induced to write it out myself, because, under circumstances which I need not now explain, it has been, in other days, imperfectly copied from my lips, and with many faults given to the public. Deference to the modesty of the characters referred to, however, nearly all of whom are yet living, forbids any great explicitness as to times and places.

For several weeks the weather had been foul and extremely unpleasant. The rain had been falling, for a number of days, in torrents; and, at the moment when our little narrative opens, it was pouring down like another deluge. The streets of the city, running from the Capitol in all directions, were almost as many rivers—such a rush of water was passing down each one of them to the ocean. The various articles, commonly exhibited at the shop doors, were all taken in, the drays and wagons had sought their

respective shelters, and the side-walks were almost clear of people. Had it not been for the occasional dodging of an umbrella, or the rattling of a stray hack with a drenched driver, the city might have been supposed to be almost without inhabitants.

"Ill luck to that poor wight yonder," said my friend, crowding up a little closer under my umbrella; "or, rather," said he, "ill luck must have happened to him, if he is compelled to saw wood in the streets such a day as this."

"A sad lot certainly," said I, "for it scarcely ever rained harder."

"How strange it is," rejoined my friend "that there should be such distinctions in the condition of this world's inhabitants! Among the hundred thousand citizens of this great city, that poor fellow seems to hold the lowest and worst position. You and I, though in the street, are well enough protected; the few coachmen who have passed us, though wet and cold, are to-day monopolizing their whole business, and are almost warmed and dried by the reflection that they are making money; but that poor wood-sawer though toiling in the rain, gets no more for his work than if the day were pleasant. However," added my philosophic companion, in a sort of whisper, for we were now within a few paces of the unhappy fellow, "I see he is a good-for-nothing drunkard, and may have ruined the happiness of his wife and children, and is now suffering the just penalty of his transgressions."

This last remark did not mend the matter much in my judgment; but an incident, just then occurring, cut short my reply to it.

"What will you give for that, Bill?" said the shop-keeper, for whom the wood was being sawed, as he stepped out upon the pavement, covered closely by his umbrella.

"Nothing, sir," replied the wood-sawer, "I want the money for my work. I work for money, sir."

"Yes, and what is your money good for, the way you spend it?"

"That is my business, Mr. Miller. I agreed to saw the wood, and you agreed to pay me the money for it. So I don't want any of your trinkets."

"Very true, Bill; but then I thought this ring would be just the thing for you to give to some fair lady as a wedding-day present."

The wood-sawer heaved a sigh, but remained silent.

"Besides," added the shop-keeper, "by buying this ring, you will do more than one good office. You will turn your money into something more lasting, at least, than a mug of rum; and you may furnish bread to a poor girl and her widowed mother, who are on the point of starving. Come, buy it, Bill; I can sell it to you for one-fourth its value."

"Be short, if you please, Mr. Miller: this is no time for long speeches," said the drunkard.

"You are rather ill-natured to-day, Bill," replied the jeweler, "but could you have seen the girl herself, who pawned this ring, and heard her pitiful story, you might be more willing to make the purchase."

"There are a great many pitiful stories told now-a-days," rejoined the inebriate, bending down again to his labor.

"Well, Bill, I think Miss Margaret Willis will have no great debt of gratitude to pay you, in that day when the Almighty gathers up his jewels," muttered the seller of gold and silver trinkets, as he turned upon his heel to resume his place behind his shop window.

"Miss who?" stammered the drunkard.

"Miss—Margaret—Willis," replied Mr. Miller, as he read the name from the engraving round the signet.

"Will you let me see the ring, Mr. Miller?"

"O, yes, Bill; I thought you couldn't be quite so ungallant toward a lady. But, Bill, bless me! what is the matter with you? What on earth makes you so pale and deathly?"

It is true, the wood-sawer, drunkard as he was, did turn pale, when, with his own eyes, he read the engraving. His saw fell from his left hand; and he almost sunk down on the pavement. Mr. Miller, who was not a hard-hearted man by nature, rendered him such support as he needed for the moment, and even advised him against continuing his work longer in such bad weather. The poor inebriate, finding his strength did not recover as soon as might ordinarily be expected, consented to relinquish his occupation till next morning.

Having followed the jeweler into the shop, he sat a few minutes before the large wood fire in the front room, with his head fallen down upon his breast, in deep and apparently painful con-

templation. His clothes smoking in the heat, and large drops of perspiration rolling from his face, and his heart evidently racked with some powerful emotion, he presented a picture worthy of an artist's pencil.

"How came you by that ring?" feebly ejaculated the poor drunkard, with a distressed look turned toward Mr. Miller.

"Where did I get it? Why, I suppose, certainly, of its owner. Miss Margaret was here herself not three hours since, and pawned it to me. This is not the first jewel she has sold to me, reserving the right of redeeming them, if, in a reasonable time, she should find herself able. But, then, she never will be able; for the first one she brought more than two years ago, which has been lying in my case here ever since. So I think I shall sell them, and get my money back again."

"Well, perhaps that is right, Mr. Miller: you know the terms on which you bought them. But how many have you of that girl's trinkets?"

"See for yourself, Bill. Here they are. Look at them, and I will perhaps tell you the girl's story, when I am not so busy."

The drunkard rose up, and walking tremblingly to the counter, examined the jewels at his leisure. His face, habitually blue and bloated, had become suddenly pale on reading the inscription but now it flashed and burned as if lighted up by internal passions. After looking them all over, and over again, he resumed his seat by the fireside.

"On one condition, Mr. Miller," said the drunkard, after a long silence, "I will buy that ring of you."

"What is that, Bill?" responded the jeweler.

"That you will sell me all of them, and any others which that girl may bring here," said the wood-sawer.

"Sell them! Certainly—that is just what I proposed to you; and you, Bill, could not do better than to turn your labor into something more substantial than liquor. True, as you have neither wife nor children to trouble you, you have a right to do as you choose in this free country. But, Bill, I have felt interested for you before now; and yet you may think I have a very rough way of showing my good wishes."

"I will certainly do so, Mr. Miller; and from this hour I want you to abide as faithfully by your promise. And, besides, I want you to get the whole of them; for"—and here the poor apostate apparently labored to be a little witty,

—"I have taken up your notion of giving them to some fair lady, as a wedding-day present."

"Is my watch now in perfect order, Mr. Miller?" said my friend, as he took his gold-lever from the shop-keeper's hands.

"Yes, sir, I warrant her to run a year in perfect order," replied the jeweler.

Upon this, walking out upon the pavement, we bade adieu to the interesting little scene, which had accidentally taken place in our presence.

"What a fool a man sometimes is," said my friend, as we were walking to the eastern railroad depot. "While that poor drunkard was bargaining for those jewels, evidently excited by some strange impulse, but probably without any rational motive for thus spending his hard earnings, I confess I was engaged in nothing else than contemplating his miserable condition. Poor outcast! That jeweler will get off a few brass trinkets on him by that fictitious story of the little girl and her widowed mother; and then the unhappy drunkard, goaded by his appetite, will soon pawn them for a trifle to get the means of another season of beastly intoxication. O, what a world is this, where the apparently respectable are as base as the lowest are unfortunate!"

"Suppose we call upon that jeweler, on our return," said I to my feeling companion, "and see how he will straighten up his conduct in this matter. You can make an errand with him about your watch. These impositions are certainly getting to be so common in this country, that they deserve a rigid and general examination; and these robbers of the poor ought to be brought to justice. But, in this day, who will take the trouble, if ministers of the Gospel neglect so plain a duty?"

"True enough," rejoined my friend; and thus the engagement was quickly settled. But circumstances afterward rendered its fulfilment needless.

A railroad is a rapid means of traveling. You run from village to village in a moment. The fences seem to be flying in one direction, while you are rushing on in another. You can scarcely read the figures on the milestones; and luckless is that poor mortal, who, by his poverty, is forced to creep along on the track of a railroad, and compare his groping with the steam-propelled chariot. But miserably unfortunate that

little girl, the daughter, perhaps, of some day-laborer, who, while her father toils at home, walks down to the city, to sell, for anything she can get, her poor mother's earnings. Doubly so, when, like the unhappy little creature yonder, she is weighed down by a large basket, though her slender frame seems scarcely able to lift its own weight from one cross-timber of the railroad to another.

"O," said my big-hearted friend, looking out upon the little girl, as we passed her, "why didn't our conductor pick up that poverty-stricken little beggar?"

"Because," said I, "he imagines, if he should get the reputation of carrying such persons free of cost, half the world would turn beggars, especially when they desire to travel."

"Well," rejoined my companion, "I wish I had a railroad: I would carry the poor for nothing."

"Yes, but you could not expect all the poor would, therefore, come and settle on the line of your railroad," was my metaphysical answer.

"No, but I would carry all that did live on it; and, by that means, I should set a good example to other owners."

I had hardly time to express my respect for the young man's generosity of feeling; for, next moment, the car ceased its motion, and the passengers were all astir, crowding their way along to find a place of egress.

"You see now, my friend, that your railroad would not accommodate everybody. You and I have four miles farther to travel, and our only chance is a private carriage."

"But can we get any at this by-station?"

"O, yes, a stranger here says he will have one ready in about thirty minutes."

My friend was a great horseman, and protested that he would not ride unless he could be the driver. Knowing his skill, I could make no objection, though I cautioned him against breaking the vehicle by his rapid movement.

"Thirty-five minutes," said he, "are quite enough to carry us to Granberry; and then there is such exhilaration, in flying over the ground, to one's ideas."

"But stop a moment, if you please," said I to this modern Phaeton, "your railroad morality can now be fairly tested."

"O, there is no great use of it now," replied the charioteer, a little impatiently; "she is now,

no doubt, near home; for she couldn't expect to carry such a load as that many miles farther."

"So much the more need of rendering her assistance," was the reply.

"Very well, be it so, if it is your will. I never knew you to give up a notion; and I might as well command it to stop raining, as to try to change your head, when it has fairly settled on anything. Little girl, would you like to ride a piece in our carriage?"

"O, yes, sir," said the pale little pedestrian, though her face was now flushed by excessive exercise; "but then, sir, I am too wet and muddy to sit upon those clean cushions. Besides, I am almost home now, and my task is nearly over."

"Just as I told you, sir," said my impatient brother.

"Where is your home, little girl?"

"O, I live about a mile the other side of Granberry; but it looks as if it would not rain much longer; and I shall enjoy the rest of the way in thinking of my mother." It will be difficult for the reader to appreciate the sweetness of spirit which showed itself in the utterance of this sentence.

"True, but you can think of your mother just as well while riding;" and by this time, my friend was putting her basket into the carriage.

"That will do, kind gentleman, if you carry my basket, I shall soon be home to comfort my poor sick mother."

"But you will now be home all the sooner," said my friend, who had opened and carried on the dialogue; and the next moment, striking his horse, he pushed on with speed to the foot of a long hill, where he was compelled to move more slowly.

"What is your name, little girl, if I may be allowed to ask you such a question?"

"O, yes, sir, you have a right to know the names of those you bless and benefit. My name is Margaret. My mother's name is Willis—Mary Willis."

"And your name, then, is Margaret Willis?"

"Yes, sir, that is the name my dear father gave me when I was an infant. The day I was born, he brought to my dear, good mother a little box of jewels, with my name engraved on all of them; and he said that it was to be kept till I was grown up, and then given to me as my father's present. As my father, at that time, was a very lively and happy man, he amused my mother by telling her it was to be my wedding-day gift; but—"

Her voice was now choked for a moment; and we waited in silence to hear the conclusion of her last sentence. But, after composing her feelings, and wiping off a single tear that trickled down her cheek, she sat without speaking. Though she seemed to have too delicate a sense of propriety to evade our inquiries, she, nevertheless, answered them in a way that only increased our desire to hear more from her. After several intreaties, during all of which she conducted herself with extraordinary good sense and prudence, she consented to give as much of her domestic history, as could be told on our way to Granberry.

"This is the house, sir," said Margaret, pointing out her widowed mother's low dwelling.

It is no more than just, that I should say, in passing, that her story had awakened an intense interest in our feelings for her poor mother. We resolved, therefore, a long time before the tale was finished, to take her all the way home, and see the verification of it for ourselves.

"Please to walk carefully, gentlemen," said Margaret, as we entered, "for my mother is very ill and nervous."

"Is that you, dear Mardy?" said a low, feeble, broken voice, from behind a loosely-drawn curtain.

"Yes, dear mother, it is I; and are you as well, mother, as when I left you?"

"Not any better, my darling; but I am thankful it is no worse with me. But, what a dreadful time you have had of it, Margaret! I told you not to go this morning; and I am fearful you have made yourself sick by this day's effort. If you should fail me, what *would* become of me and your four little brothers and sisters! Be more careful, Mardy, in future, and if we must all die, the Lord, I hope, will take us up to heaven."

"Yes, mother; but while I have a hand to work, and a foot to carry me to the city, you shall not starve, if I can help it."

"Providence is merciful, indeed, in preserving us."

"Yes, mother, and Providence has been kind to me on my journey. These two gentlemen have brought me nearly all the way from the railroad station."

Mrs. Willis was bolstered up in a rude, easy chair, procured in some way, by little Margaret. Her pale cheek, and diminished form, and hus-

trous eye, gave ominous proof of the state of both her mind and body; and it was with a most tremulous voice that she undertook to satisfy our inquiries respecting her former life, and the causes that had rendered her so very low.

"You must know, then, gentlemen, in a few words, that I am the widow of Mr. William Willis, son of the late Judge Willis, of Coventry. My father—peace to his blessed memory!—lies in the parish church-yard. My mother having died in my infancy, and being myself an only child, I am left entirely without connections. My husband, soon after our marriage, settled in Granberry as a lawyer. Inheriting his father's estate—for he was his only son—we began life with the fairest prospects. The world smiled upon us, and we were happy. Mr. Willis, though in every way qualified for business, did not feel the necessity of exertion, and so made none. His time was devoted to amusement, to reading, and to company. In the birth of his first-born, this dear girl here, he was the happiest being I have ever seen among mortals. Time wore on, and our other four children were added to the family circle. Although Mr. Willis was frequently from home, for several years I suspected no evil; but, gentlemen, how shall I express the anguish that pierced my heart, when, late one wintry night, a few of his comrades brought him to his door in a state of dreadful intoxication. From that hour, peace fled forever from our dwelling. He soon ran through with our inheritance; and when he had made himself a beggar, he could no longer endure the sight of his old neighbors and companions. The scenes which before gave him pleasure, now only increased his mental torture. Plunged to the depths of wretchedness, and ashamed to meet the eyes of his children, he resolved on leaving us, promising, however, to retain a remembrance of us in his absence, and to return whenever he could do so with propriety. But, alas! what do we know of to-morrow! In less than two years from the day of his departure, news came, that having gone to sea, his vessel was wrecked on the coast of California, and that my poor, frail, but, at heart, noble-minded husband, had gone down to rise no more till the resurrection. You may imagine my subsequent situation. With five helpless children on my hands, you may well suppose that the lowest poverty was our portion. Being unused to hard labor, the change of circumstances nearly cost me my life. My scanty earnings could scarcely supply my little ones with their daily bread; and

I have often fasted, after the severest exertions of mind and body, that my unfortunate little children might have the more to satisfy their hunger.

"Thus, for several years, we lived. Our neighbors gradually neglected us, till, at last, the title of 'the drunkard's family,' universally given to us, seemed to shut up what little commiseration had previously been shown us. Procuring this low cabin, I removed to it with my dependent little family, where we have suffered almost everything that can befall the most wretched.

"But, thanks to a kind Providence," added Mrs. Willis, wiping away a tear or two that had started from her wet eyes, "my circumstances received almost a perfect restoration, at the time when my dear Margaret became old enough to render me assistance. From that day, she has been my earthly support. No language can describe her faithfulness. Sometimes I look upon her, and imagine that she cannot be my child, but my guardian angel, permitted to live in the flesh for the more perfect fulfilment of her mission. For the last year, all we have eaten, all we have had of anything, has been the fruit of her ingenuity, toil, and perseverance. In what way she obtains so much is a great mystery. She says, however, that God blesses her, and it must be so. A girl but fifteen years of age, and so delicate and slender, could not endure what she endures, without the Divine blessing. She often speaks of her enjoyments, as if a being like her, compelled to live and labor as she does, could have any experience but that of the deepest misery. She knits, and spins, and sews, and, walking all the way to town, she sells her little wares, and always does better, she says, than she had expected. Not only has she supplied our wants, but has even procured us many comforts. This easy chair she purchased. Nearly every week she has brought me some choice eatables from the city. With her own hands she has clothed her little brothers and sisters, so that they seem to look quite comfortable; while, as you may have noticed, her own dress is meaner than that of the rest of us. Often have I remonstrated with her on this point, and especially as she alone visits public places; but she replies, that she does not live for herself, but for her mother and the children.

"But Margaret does not confine her benevolence to mere animal wants and gratifications. Young as she is, she seems to recognize the

mental condition of my other children. Procuring, from time to time, a variety of little books, she has sometimes turned our cabin into a school-house, and has started her little brothers and sisters on the road to knowledge. The Bible is her favorite; and she gives lessons from it, which, I have thought, would do no dishonor to persons well informed in religion.

"Nor is this all, gentlemen. Margaret has found time to act as a sort of missionary in the neighborhood. Obtaining, I know not how, several bundles of tracts, she has scattered them all over Granberry; and the fruit of them, it has been told me by a couple of my poor neighbors, is already beginning to be manifest. But, dear sirs, it would be impossible for me to tell you in how many ways she makes herself useful, and how deeply I am indebted to the faithfulness of this my little guardian angel."

I know not, my reader, when Mrs. Willis would have satisfied her feelings of thankfulness to God, for having given to her such a protector, had not the object of the deserved eulogy just then come in from some out-door employment; and as Margaret was passing back and forth through the room, seeing that everything was made comfortable for the night, forgetful, apparently, of her own wet and disagreeable condition, I could not but follow her, and my heart nearly ran over with emotion, while I was contemplating her angelic character.

"My dear Margaret," said Mrs. Willis, just at this moment, "come and sit by the fire, and dry your clothes. I am fearful you will make yourself sick by this day's business."

Margaret was accustomed to yield implicit obedience to her mother, and so came and sat down without making any answer.

"Now, Margaret," added the mother, "while you are engaged in drying yourself, these friendly gentlemen might take a pleasure in looking over your box of jewels. If you can afford them any diversion, in return for their great kindness to you, it is certainly their due. Besides, my dear girl, not having seen them myself for a long time, it would afford me a real satisfaction to look once more on that only remaining memento of your deceased father's love."

Margaret looked very much confused. Her color went and came without any apparent cause. At length, starting rather quickly, but with innocent dignity, from her chair, she stepped forward a few paces, and fell before her mother, resting her head upon her mother's knees.

"My dear mother, do not be severe with me, and I will confess to you all my fault. The jewels are not here. How could I see you and the children suffer, when I had in my power that which could afford you and them relief? But Mr. Miller engaged to keep them till I could redeem them from his hands."

"My precious girl, have you sold your jewels to Mr. Miller?"

"No, mother, I have only pledged them to him for a part of their real value, and he is to give them back when I redeem the pledge."

"Redeem it! how, my child, do you expect ever to raise so large a sum?"

"Has not the Lord blessed me, mother? O, he blesses me more and more every day. Every thing I do seems to prosper; and I have great confidence in his promise to the orphan. Besides, mother, he is the widow's God!"

"Yes, my child; but you must know the reputation of many of these city traders. Should Mr. Miller, wearied with waiting on you, sell your jewels, they would then be gone from you forever!"

"Well, mother, I have only lent these jewels to the Lord. His ways are wonderful. Should Mr. Miller even sell them, God can bring good out of that misfortune; and, if he sees fit, he can even return the jewels to us before I should want them!"

"True enough, my dear girl, before you may want them; for a poor girl like you is in no danger of ever being led to the matrimonial altar. I must add, also, before these gentlemen, that, as the jewels were entirely your own, you had a perfect right to dispose of them; but how could you part with the birth-day present of your poor father—the only inheritance you are to receive from him?"

"Have you not always told me, mother, that my father, with all his faults, was at heart a noble-minded man? And would he, were he now alive and in his right mind, grudge you such a trifle as a box of jewels, if, by disposing of them, he could make you happy? Well, I am my father's representative, and, though I shed many tears, mother, when I was parting with that precious keepsake, I felt much assured, that, in some way, I should get my jewels back again."

"Rise, my dear child, you need not kneel to me, as though your disinterestedness, though almost marvelous in so young a being, could be charged as a fault upon you. No, no, Margaret, never think your mother could be that ungrateful."

With a serene look, the gentle little creature rose from her knees, and proceeded again to her domestic operations.

"Good gentlemen," said Mrs. Willis, following Margaret with her eyes till she passed quite out of the room into the next apartment, "as you are clergymen, and her toils and sufferings have satisfied all my earthly wants, your greatest act of kindness would be to teach me how to avoid worshipping so pure, so sweet a spirit. I never look upon her without a strange feeling, as if, though I know her to be my offspring, she were some celestial being."

Were I writing, my good reader, a mere fancy sketch, I should have the present section quite different from what it will be. But I must follow the facts, and not alter them to make my narrative novel, though less truthful. I must confess, that a long time elapsed, before I had the conclusion of these interesting incidents given me. One circumstance, however, may be looked upon as fortunate. My young friend, at the time above spoken of, rather a licentiate than a preacher of the Gospel, was afterward ordained as a minister. Having passed through his first year in a distant field of labor, his second appointment, as Providence strangely ordered it, was at Granberry. My subsequent correspondence with this youthful minister furnished me with occasional notices of the "drunkard's family." The following extracts from that correspondence will give the reader such particulars, as will lead his mind along toward the termination of my little story.

"Granberry, June 12.

"MY DEAR BROTHER,—Mrs. Willis is still living; and Margaret continues to be her fostering angel.

"Yours affectionately, L."

"Granberry, Dec. 10.

"DEAR FRIEND,—You wished to know more about Mrs. Willis and little Margaret. The former is very ill, and would have died long since, had it not been for Margaret. I see you speak of little Margaret, as though she were yet a child. You must know that two full years added to fifteen will make wonderful changes in the personal appearance of a young lady. Margaret is no longer a little girl, though her disposition is child-like as ever. She is the sweetest creature I ever saw.

"Yours, L."

"Granberry, June 8.

"MY OLD FRIEND,—You seem to have retained

your interest in the 'drunkard's family.' I boldly but confidentially confess to you, that I have *lost* none myself. But I ought to have told you before, that strange things have happened to them of late. From some unknown source, they have been wonderfully provided for in all the conveniences and comforts of this life. Scarcely a week passes, that does not bring them a letter, or a package, always inclosing quite an amount of money. Whence all these favors, no one knows. But, under the influence of a better condition, the health of Mrs. Willis has greatly improved; and Margaret, relieved from her slavish toils, and happy in the realization of her strong faith in God, has become the most perfect and finished being I ever saw. If she was an angel in her poverty, what shall I call her now?

"Yours in haste, L."

"Granberry, Oct. 5.

"MY DEAR OLD FRIEND,—Your late letter was rather a searching one; but I will freely and frankly confess the whole. I know you will approve my choice. An itinerant has no need of an estate, and he ought not to seek it. His greatest legacy is the character of her, whom he makes the partner of his joys and sorrows. Though the casket of jewels is gone, they are of little value compared with her, who sold her only patrimony, to provide bread for her orphan brothers and sisters, and comforts for her widowed mother. So now you understand it all.

"Yours, L."

"Granberry, Nov. 12.

"REV. AND DEAR SIR,—The compliments of your old friend L. and Miss Margaret Willis, who would be happy to see you in Granberry, at six o'clock, P. M., Dec. 25, at the residence of Mrs. Willis.

"Yours respectfully, G. L.
M. W.

"P. S. Please to excuse the apparent coldness of this note. Friendship can take no exceptions when *business* matters are expressed in the ordinary terms.

L."

"Good evening, Mr. Miller," said a genteel, well-dressed, noble-looking man, as he stepped into the front room of the jeweler's shop before named.

"Good evening, sir. A very pleasant day, sir."

"Yes, sir, it is a very pleasant day—much more so than it was about three years ago."

"Three years ago! Indeed, sir, I can hardly

recollect so long; but it seems your memory is very good."

"My memory, Mr. Miller, is none of the best; but there are some things a man cannot easily forget."

"Yes, indeed, sir; as drunken Bill used to say, 'A man can never forget his wife,' though the poor wretch had no wife; and it would be hard to tell how he knew."

"Then you knew drunken Bill, Mr. Miller?"

"Knew him! Wouldn't you know *your* wood-sawyer, sir, if he sawed for *you* all the wood you burned? Know drunken Bill! I should know him if I should see his face in France!"

"Well, Mr. Miller, where is that old fellow now; for there were some very strange things in Bill?"

"Strange! I never knew quite so singular a being in my life. I could tell you many a marvelous thing about him; but his last strange feat with me was, perhaps, the most wonderful of all. He undertook, sir, poor, drunken beggar as he was, to buy a whole box of jewels of me; and buy them he would, and buy them he did, sir, and paid the money for them all. What he wanted to do with them, he would not tell; though, poor wretch, he used jocosely to say, that he intended them for some fair lady on her wedding-day. But, sir, some liquor concern has, no doubt, got them a long time ago. Bill was a great drunkard, sir."

"Do you know, Mr. Miller, where Bill is now?"

"No, sir. Soon after his purchase of the last jewel, and the casket with it, he left the city, and I have not heard of him since. In fact, I never knew Bill's real name, it was so common to call him drunken Bill."

Hereupon the strange gentleman, taking a few turns back and forth through the room, with a step of manly dignity and conscious worth, finally, slipping off his new kid gloves, turned toward the shop-keeper with a countenance full of some interesting thought, which spoke through his eyes, while his lips were closed. Holding the little finger of his left hand close to Mr. Miller's face—for the jeweler was a little short-sighted—he asked him if he could see well enough to read the engraving on that ring.

The shop-keeper, squinting and drawing down his eye-brows, read aloud, MISS MARGARET WILLIS, and started back with evident surprise. Looking the stranger fairly and fully in the face, he exclaimed, "Is it possible, Bill! Is it indeed yourself?"

Leaving, in this section, Mr. Miller and drunken Bill to make their own explanations, and draw out their talk as such an occasion would demand, I hasten forward toward the conclusion of my narrative. It will be easy enough for the reader to fill up this chasm by his own imagination. He can readily conceive, in how many ways a man of liberal education, with a lucrative profession, might, by a strict adherence to good resolutions, however suddenly formed, redeem his character and pecuniary condition. The temperance reformation has done wonders in this good work; and this poor wood-sawyer, incited by the touching incident before related of little Margaret, resolved to be a better man. That such a man, with a naturally generous disposition, and with smiling prospects, should occasionally remit a small portion of his gains to the author of his recovery from the lowest misery, is no great wonder; and that, on hearing that his little benefactress was about to enter the fairy land of hope and promise, he should feel a desire to share the joys and festivities of the eventful period is not to be gainsayed. So, all things being explained and concerted, the reformed, reminding the shop-keeper of his original design of presenting that box of jewels to some fair lady at her marriage, spent the time intervening between the city and Granberry, in instructing Mr. Miller how to conduct himself, after they should arrive at the house of Mrs. Willis.

A writer of fiction loves to dwell upon matrimonial scenes; but I, almost afraid to relate actual occurrences, only because they happen to touch upon the marvelous, will hasten over them as rapidly as possible. And yet, apart from all thoughts of fiction, there is no scene of life, in which I am accustomed to feel a deeper interest, than in that where two pure spirits blend their fortunes for woe or weal forever.

The widow's cottage, on the evening of Margaret's marriage was thronged with guests. The whole neighborhood felt an interest in her future welfare; and, besides, their minister was one of the interested parties. On all such occasions, mirth and gaiety are apt to be carried to extremes; and, had it not been for the presence of Mrs. Willis, the young people present at this festival would doubtless have gone to some excesses.

But the moment has now come. All the guests crowd back from the door of entrance. The parties, attended by the ordinary right-hand

and left-hand supporters, make their appearance. As they stand before the minister, how various are the emotions of this mixed company! While the solemn ceremony is advancing, how strangely does every one's heart cease its beating, and the act of breathing suspend its operation! When the concluding prayer is being offered, how the bride and bridegroom lose themselves in the high realities passing upon them, and how the lone widow weeps in solitude, that she is about to lose her darling! And, when all is over, and the parties and spectators are all seated, how irksome is the impressive silence, which binds, by a sort of spell, all speech and action! But there is always some one bold enough to break it; and why, after all I have said to prepare the way for it, may not the jeweler step forward, from his concealment, and present to the happy Margaret her long lost box of jewels?

Whatever objections the reader may contrive to raise against such an incident, they probably were not thought of by Mr. Miller; for, making

his way along through the dense mass of spectators, and walking directly into the presence of the happy couple, he begged the privilege of presenting the well-known casket to the fair heroine of the evening.

Margaret, at once recognizing her old acquaintance, was amazed at his generosity, and poured upon him a shower of benedictions. The widow, too, stepped forward, and gave him her warmest blessings. But, to one person present, the scene was becoming almost painful. His heart had, all the time, nearly broken forth from its clay tenement; and now, bursting out into an agony of weeping, when he could endure what he saw no longer, clasped both the child and her mother in his almost wild embraces. No wonder that at first Mrs. Willis, and then, after a moment's bewildering pause, Margaret herself, should hang upon the neck of the weeping stranger—for that stranger, gentle reader, was no less than WILLIAM WILLIS, the husband of the one, and the father of the other.

A MOTHER'S GRIEF.

"To mark the sufferings of the babe
That cannot speak its woe,
To see the infant's tears gush forth,
Yet know not why they flow;
To meet the meek, uplifted eye
That fain would ask relief,
The eye that's full of agony—
This is a mother's grief."

Through weary days and lonely nights,
To trace the march of death,
To hear the faint and frequent sigh,
The quick and shortened breath;
To watch the last dread strife draw near,
And pray that struggle brief;
To make her own each dying pang—
This is a mother's grief.

To see in so few months decayed
The hope of future years,
To feel how vain a father's prayers,
How vain a mother's tears;
To think the cold grave now must close
O'er what was once the chief
Of all her treasured joys of earth—
This is a mother's grief.

Yet when the first wild throb is past
Of anguish and despair,
To lift the eye of faith to heaven,
And think "My child is there"—
This best can dry the gushing tears,
This yields the heart relief,
Until the Christian's pious hope
O'ercomes a mother's grief.

SKETCHES OF EMINENT WOMEN.

BY BLANCHE BENNAIRDE.

No. I.—MADAME ROLAND.

No one at all acquainted with the history of the French Revolution has failed to hear of the beautiful, accomplished, and virtuous Madame Roland, who perished a martyr to the cause of her country, in *those days of persecution and bloodshed*.

Jeanne-Maria Philipon Roland was the daughter of Gâtien Philipon, an engraver of Paris; and was born in May, 1754. From an early age she exhibited a strong and brilliant mind, and had so well cultivated the gifts of nature, that, at the age of eighteen, she wrote with maturity of thought and depth of judgment on the most abstruse subjects.

The parents of Mademoiselle Philipon encouraged her studious turn of mind, and she received instruction from her masters with a quickness of apprehension, which made their task one of pleasure and satisfaction. At the age of twenty, she lost her mother, and from this time her only source of consolation was derived from her studies. She considered it to be the duty of all persons to improve the understanding, and aim at the attainment of truth, in order to fit them to become useful members of society, and to fulfil the great design of our creation.

Her personal beauty, dignity of manners, and great acquirements drew around her many admirers, who sought her hand in marriage; but she remained single until the age of twenty-five, when she was united to M. Roland, a distinguished author, who was twenty years older than herself.

During the first year of her marriage, which was spent in Paris, she was employed in assisting her husband in his literary occupations, as one of the editors of the New French Encyclopedia, many articles of which were the production of her pen. To facilitate the execution of this work, she devoted her leisure hours; yet neglected neither her family concerns, nor her studies. After leaving Paris, they spent several years in Amiens, where Madame Roland still continued to participate in the labors of her husband, as well as to increase her store of knowledge.

In 1784, Monsieur and Madame Roland made

the tour of England, and in 1787 they visited Switzerland. Her travels elicited observations upon the country and people, which furnish a variety of interesting and pleasing remarks, free from prejudice, and given with that candor and justness of conception so essential to the formation of comprehensive views. She was a lover of Nature, and it was during these travels that she had an opportunity of refreshing her mind with its beauties, and making a useful application of her studies.

In 1791, M. Roland arrived with his family in Paris, and was raised to the important station of minister of the home department. This office he was well qualified to fill; but he was too patriotic to retain it long. The public weal appeared to him to be in danger; and after mature deliberation, he addressed a letter to the king, which was followed by his dismissal. "Utility and glory," says Madame Roland, "were the consequence of my husband's retreat. I had not been proud of his elevation to the ministry; but I was proud of his disgrace."

After the revolution of the 10th of August, Roland was recalled to the ministry, which he re-entered with renovated hopes; but the horrible scenes of massacre which followed, in September, compelled him to resign. He had entered this office as the idol of the people; but when he endeavored to stop the flow of blood, and urged the dismissal of the revolutionary committee, he became an object of jealousy and hatred, whose ruin they sought to effect by every means in their power. The most unjust censures were not only thrown upon his conduct, but his wife was made to share in his disgrace. He fled from his blood-thirsty enemies, and when the revolutionary committee issued a warrant for his apprehension, she drove to the National Assembly, to represent the injustice of the proceeding, and to vindicate the conduct of her husband. Although she did not obtain admission, yet she freely expressed her sentiments to those members whom she saw.

Madame Roland had the courage to brave

every danger that was personal to herself, and she thought to turn aside the storm which threatened her husband; but every effort proving unavailing, she was thrown into the dungeons of the Abbey, on the first of June, 1793. Here she was treated with marked civility both by the keeper and his wife. In reviewing the moments that followed her first imprisonment, she declared that she would not have exchanged them for those which to others might have appeared as the happiest of her life. From this prison, where she endeavored to dispel its gloom by writing memoirs of the times, and alleviating the sufferings of those around her, she was transferred to that of St. Pelagie. Here also she devoted her time to the study of useful works, and, in order to divert her mind, determined on writing a narrative of her life. The mildness and gentleness of Madame Roland had softened every one around her. The keepers, their wives, and all the officers of the prisons, showed her the greatest respect, and she received those little indulgences at their hands, which were calculated to soften the severity of her fate.

She passed, altogether, five months in imprisonment, left almost solely to her own sources of consolation; for but two or three friends came near her in this terrible place, to offer pity or sympathy. Yet, during the whole period, she manifested great composure and cheerfulness. "I had greatly admired her in the other moments of her life," says Champagneux, her biographer, "but I knew not her real value till I saw her under bolts and bars. What dignity she carried into her prison! She was there as on a throne."

Although Madame Roland was superior to cowardice, and had no faith in either the justice of the committees or of the Convention, yet she thought proper to remonstrate against her imprisonment. She, therefore, addressed several letters to Garat, Minister of the Interior, who wrote in her behalf to the Committee of General Safety. The result was an abusive answer from the committee, leaving her nothing to expect from her unfeeling persecutors.

On the fourth of July, 1793, she thought proper to submit their injustice to the eyes of her Section, and accordingly wrote them a letter, setting forth the innocence of her husband, and the cruelty of his persecution. "These," said she, "are Roland's crimes; mine are, to honor myself by the principles which he professes, and to have a courage equal to his. I have not been frightened at the dangers which his character

and his probity made him incur. As I had not been seduced by the splendor which surrounds a difficult office, so I am not cast down in the prison into which I have been thrown." So gloomy was the horizon, and so much did the Reign of Terror make progress and spread consternation, that the president of the Section, whom the letter reached, dared not even cause it to be read to the meeting; and, therefore, the object of Madame Roland was not accomplished.

Her noble mind, superior to all oppression, rose above the natural dread of death, and she seemed to enjoy a degree of satisfaction in this last sacrifice to her country. A few days before she was dragged to the scaffold, she said, "If fate had allowed me to live, I believe I should have been ambitious of only one thing; and that would have been to write the annals of the present age. I have, during my imprisonment, conceived a real fondness for Tacitus, and cannot go to sleep until I have read a passage of his work. It seems to me that we see things in the same light; and that in time, and with a subject equally rich, it would not have been impossible for me to imitate his style."

The revolution, and the two administrations of her husband, gave her an insight into public affairs, which, added to her grace and vigor of style, correctness of understanding, and love of virtue, rendered her competent to become the Tacitus of her age.

She was not indifferent to the cause which her husband had espoused, and shared in his glory, though she mourned over the wrongs and calamities of her country, and often wept at the recollection of her daughter, an only child, and her husband. "I shall not," said she, "leave this place but to go to the scaffold; however, I am less tormented by my own fate than by the calamities which will overwhelm my country." Her words were but too soon verified; for she was shortly after brought before the revolutionary tribunal, and condemned.

Madame Roland, although resigned to her fate, felt a repugnance to the idea of being made a spectacle; yet, when on the scaffold, she bore with calmness the approach of the executioner, quietly suffered her hair to be cut off, and her hands to be tied, and received death with serenity and fortitude. During the week that elapsed between the condemnation and the execution of the sentence, she uttered no complaint, although, when summoned to appear before the tribunal, the insulting questions put to her, and the harsh-

ness of their treatment, excited the most painful emotions, and, as she was conducted to the Conciergerie, she burst into tears. Her companion to the scaffold was a man, who had less fortitude than herself. Him she exerted herself to inspire with something like her own; and this she did with a manner so cheering and real, that she several times brought a smile to his face. She regretted one thing in dying; which was, not being able to record and transmit to posterity the new and extraordinary feelings which she experienced in her route from the Conciergerie to the Place de la Revolution. For this purpose she had requested pen and paper, which were refused her. On the day of her condemnation, she was neatly dressed in white, her long black hair flowed loosely to her waist. Though past the prime of life, she was still a charming woman, tall and elegantly formed, and her sufferings would have melted any but the most unfeeling heart.

At the place of execution, she bowed before the statue of Liberty, and exclaimed, "Oh, Liberty! what crimes are committed in thy name!"

The following touching incident, showing the dreadful state of things at that time, greatly affected the mind of Madame Roland. Her daughter, Eudora, had received an asylum with a friend of her parents, who was compelled, for her own safety, to entrust her to the mistress of a boarding-school, who consented to render this service only on condition of her taking another name.

Her husband did not long survive her. At the news of his wife's death, which it was not possible to conceal from him, Roland gave himself up to despair, and perished by his own hands, determined no longer to survive his devoted wife.

Madame Roland wrote several languages with ease and accuracy; and, considering her extraordinary talents, her love of virtue, and true devotion to the cause of her country, for which she freely sacrificed life, as well as all its blessings and endearments, but few names are more deserving a place in history than that of this amiable and devoted woman.

Illustrated Monthly Courier.

FOR A LADY'S BOQUET.

A minstrel-strain for thy fair boquet?

'Tis done: for I like it well,
It recalls a dream of the olden day
Upon which I have loved to dwell,
When the troubador sat by Arcadia's stream,
In the light of her golden sky,
And tuned his guitar to the glowing dream
Of the olden minstrelsy.

And fair ones came forth from cottage and hall,
From Arcadia's groves and bowers,
And, tripping a measure with merry foot-fall,
Would crown the old harper with flowers:
Give laurel, green laurel, that knows no death,
For the hero of battles to wear;
But dowers, fresh flowers for the poet's wreath,
They are things so purely fair.

They are fair, they are fair by the streamlet's side,
As they blush in the sunset glow,
And bow their meek heads to the lulling tide,
And kiss the glad waves as they flow.
They are fair, they are fair in a lady's bower,
As they tremble to music's measure,
And fair in the hall, at the festal hour,
Where hearts throb beneath them with pleasure.

They are fair in the light of a radiant brow,
Where the bride for the altar has bound them,
Reflecting a brighter and holier glow
From the blushes that mantle around them;
But flowers never look so exquisitely fair,
Or smile in their brightness so gay,
As when placed in the vase by my studio chair,
A neat little laughing boquet. D.

Wd



Oxalis violacea

OXALIS--WOOD SORREL.

SEE ENGRAVING.

In all ages, and in all countries, civilized, as well as barbarous, flowers have been regarded as emblematical of the heart's affections, and, associated in the mind with the most perfect conditions of human happiness. In the despotic regions of Asia, they form, in a great measure, the medium of communicating those feelings and intentions which precede the union of untutored and savage hearts. And the red man of our own forests, to whose mind the vague light of tradition but dimly opens the future, in describing the spiritual condition of his fathers, talks of the most delightful and pleasantly situated hunting grounds as their elysium, and points to the flowery plains and decorated fields as the best illustration of his own conceptions of the Indian's paradise.

In our community a love for flowers has come to be the standard of taste and refinement, and the absence of shrubs and flowers from a dwelling is correctly looked upon as denoting an absence of fine feeling and domestic happiness. We have, in this number, presented our readers with a beautiful, though an humble and a common flower, and we shall continue to present, occasionally, delineations of these "marks of angels' footsteps."

THE *Oxalis* is a small herbaceous plant, with a perennial root, and is one of the prettiest and earliest of our woodland flowers. It is easily known by its ternate clover-like leaves, and its pale lilac, purple, or violet, bell-shaped flowers. The flower stem is six or eight inches high, and the leaf stem about two-thirds that height. The flowers appear in May, June, and July; the male and female flowers being on separate plants. It belongs to the natural family *Geraniaceæ*, or its division *Oxalidæ*, and to Linnæus's class and order *Dicandria Pentagynia*. The leaves have a pleasant acid taste, and are without odor. Their acidity is dependent on the presence of binoxalate of potassa, which may be extracted to the amount of two pounds and a quarter of pure salt, and rather more of an impure chrysaline mass

from twenty pounds of leaves (*Neumann*); they also contain small proportions of tartaric acid, starch, and mucilage. Their taste is almost entirely destroyed by drying. The article sold under the name of *Essential Salt of Lemons* is extracted from them.

Wood Sorrel was at one time used for preparing binoxalate of potassa, but has been abandoned for that purpose since the discovery of the conversion of sugar into oxalic acid by the action of nitric acid.

Its general virtues are refrigerant and diuretic, and it is often used with advantage as an article of diet in scorbutic complaints. It is prepared in the form of salad, or may be beaten with sugar into a conserve, or boiled with milk to form an acid whey. The plant, though abundant in the United States, is supposed by some botanists to have been introduced from Europe.

Old Gerard notices in his Herbal, that among its various names, it has received those of Cuckoo-meat and Alleluya, "By reason when it springeth forth and flowereth, the cuckoo singeth most; at which time, also, Alleluya was wont to be sung in churches." It has been satisfactorily shown that this plant is the Irish Shamrock, instead of the clover, as is generally supposed.

A superstition prevails among the Irish, that he who happens to find a four-leaved shamrock, becomes possessed of the magic power to gratify all his wishes in this life, by his mere command. The veneration in which this plant is held by the Irish becomes not only excusable, but almost commendable, when we recollect that it had its origin in the use of the shamrock by St. Patrick to illustrate to the pagan Irish the otherwise unintelligible doctrine of the Trinity.

There are several species of the *Oxalis*, most of which are very beautiful. They produce delicate flowers of various hues, as yellow, rose, red, white, variegated, vermillion, &c. The one figured in our engraving is called *Oxalis Violacea*, and derives its name from its violet flowers.

SENTIMENT—Modesty combined with Merit.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

THE first number of the *Lady's Western Magazine* is, by the Editor, presented to the public under feelings similar, we presume, to those which have been and are experienced by others in a position corresponding with that of his own. There are very few in society, and it is singular that there should be any, who do not greatly prefer the approbation of their fellow men to their displeasure. The satisfaction arising from a conviction that our performances are acceptable and pleasing to others, and the pain occasioned from a consciousness that their effect is of an opposite character, that they fail to meet the expectations of those for whom they are designed, are sufficient to cause a degree of anxiety in the mind of any one with reference to whom the matter is to be tested. And, aside from this, the feeling of a laudable self-respect, a preference for the savor of a good name, and a wish to be found the author of good, and not the dispenser of evil, prompt a desire of success, and create in the heart a pulsation of expectancy for the result, when the time arrives that a "man's work shall be tried of what sort it is."

The circumstances inseparable from the commencement of a periodical, in this new country, of the kind proposed by the *Lady's Western Magazine*, are of a nature to throw the responsibility of its publication almost entirely upon the individual alone who may be engaged in the enterprise. The same is, however, the case with every scheme and every undertaking which is in a measure untried before the community.

As to the favorable opening here in the West for a *Lady's Magazine* of a proper character, there is but little or no question. The area of country in which a literary work issued from any point on the western shore of Lake Michigan would be at home, is of itself sufficiently extensive to warrant, to such a publication, a patronage fully ample to its continuance and success. And if there is any portion of our peculiarly favored America more fruitful than another of subjects for majestic thought and high-toned sentiment—for chaste and exquisitely refined mental feeling—for the calm, still, and placid reflections of the mind beholding natural scenery, and enchanted with the beauty of far-stretching landscapes—more favorable than another to manufacture gems of spiritual thought from an ideal solution of the outer world, it is our own happy, hale, and beloved resort of the West.

And there is reason to believe that, connected with the abounding greatness and peculiar facilities of the West, in a physical point of view, there is no very marked disparity of intellectual stores and mental wealth. The States of Michigan, Illinois, Wisconsin, and Iowa, together with other successively connected portions of country, extending even to the Pacific, have already become the permanent home of cultivated and mature minds of both sexes, and capable of producing a literature, if brought to bear upon the point, equal, perhaps, to that of any other part of our Republic of letters. Among these, the number of female writers alone, whose contributions would

be acceptable to the most approved magazines, is sufficient to place any periodical concentrating their productions, on an equality with the best literary works the country affords. The very circumstances of life, and the disposition of heart, that prompt many a female to find a home in the West, together with the genial influence upon the mind and feelings which the combined incidents of such a change are calculated to produce, are, in themselves, an evidence that even here there are to be found, in as great a proportion perhaps as in other lands, female minds of intellectual training, and female hearts of moral feeling.

The reverses of fortune that force numerous families to leave their native land, bursting away from associations familiar from the days of childhood, submitting to brave the dangers and endure the hardships of journeying to a new and untried country, being placed in a far off land of strangers, and, as it were, compelled to commence the world anew, are providences favorable to the mind's reflection, and contribute to the formation of character fruitful of the richest traits that adorn society.

That there is in the West a community prepared to receive, and producing writers able to sustain, in addition to those already here, a literary work for females, and that of the most elevated character, is sufficiently plain, at least to admit of a trial. And that the *Lady's Western Magazine*, at no very distant period, may be made fully to correspond with what is deemed the ability and taste of the community to judge of a proper standard—that it may be so fortunate as to meet with the approbation, and entirely to satisfy the wishes of the female part of society, for whom it is more especially designed, and who may be presumed to feel an interest in something of the kind sustained at home—that it may prove emphatically a heart-cheering visitant to all its patrons and readers, is doubtless as ardently desired and hoped for by the Editor, as is proper for him to exercise feeling with reference to any earthly enterprise whatever.

Our readers will doubtless be led to form, from the character of the first number, some opinion of what the work will be in future. And although we are induced to hope that their decision will not be entirely against it, nevertheless, having to issue this number in the face of difficulties we had not anticipated, we are compelled to present it, falling, in some respects, considerably short of the standard we had erected in our own mind; and, without disparagement to our contributors, for us to offer it in every particular as a sample of what we intend the work shall be hereafter, would not be equal to our anxiety to benefit and please our readers. We cannot express our desire to give satisfaction, and if community will favor us with a trust of confidence, and a proportionate share of encouragement with that received by others who have claims upon them, we hope the period will arrive when it shall be found that neither have been altogether misplaced.

OUR FIRST ISSUE.—There is less original matter in this number than is agreeable to our mind; but circumstances

have rendered it difficult to give more. "The Comforter," the first selected prose article, is from the writings of Miss Frederika Bremer, and will probably be received, when our readers get the whole of it, with the pleasure usually afforded in perusing the works of this gifted authoress. Its being continued is not an artifice to create an eagerness for the next number. We are aware of the unpleasant sensation occasioned by being compelled to break off the thread of a good story when the mind has become interested, and having to wait, through the interval of a month, for a lingering conclusion; consequently we shall spare our readers such an affliction as often as possible.

The article from the "Union Magazine," by H. H. Clements, on the character of John Quincy Adams, is followed by the autographic signature of that great statesman. It was taken from the fac simile of the original manuscript of the poem written by Mr. Adams just previous to his death, and quoted by the writer near the close of the article. The signature would be more impressive, could it have been placed immediately to follow the poem itself as it stands in the manuscript, but the space it required on the page prevented it from being so given. "The Casket of Jewels Returned" is an extract from the "Ladies' Repository," published in Cincinnati, was written by the Rev. B. F. Telf, its present well known Editor, and is a production that needs no commendation from us.

The original matter, without reference to our own productions, is, we think, of a character to cause no falling off of interest in the mind of the reader, from that taken in the selected articles. "A True Story" was furnished by a lady of this city, who will doubtless be recognised by her peculiar friends from the signature. Her pen, we are credibly informed, has done honor to other publications, and the piece itself bespeaks from the reader an attentive perusal, who may do well to remember the injunction—"Go thou and do likewise." On the merits of the verses headed "For a Lady's Bouquet," and signed D., we will not take the liberty to express our opinion pro or con; while we presume them, however, to be from a source that we sincerely hope it will be our favor to hear from, in verse or prose, at least as often as every thirty days.

The "Youth's Fountain" is from the pen of Mr. Barnes, who has written for periodicals in the West somewhat extensively, and are verses that contain some fine thoughts. The article combining prose and poetry upon "The Music of Nature" is a piece which, for a little thing, touches almost everywhere, and cannot fail to agree with somebody's taste. Mr. J. L. Enos, its contributor, has been a successful laborer for the cause of education in the West, and is now an efficient Editor of a monthly, published in this city, devoted to that purpose. "A Mother's Grief" was written some fourteen years ago, in an album, while in the interior of the State of New York; and had almost passed from our memory till met with, about two years since, in the public prints. The verses have been published since in the West; and, through a mistake, and for want of an opportunity to compare them with the original, without properly crediting the lines associated with them.

The article upon Lætitia was written under any but favorable circumstances; we trust, however, that it will prove satisfactory to the surviving parents, and Lætitia's numerous friends. It is possible that, to some, a few of

its expressions may appear exaggerating; it should be recollected, however, that the peculiar manner in which the subject is treated may be more the cause of such an impression than the real fact of such exaggeration existing. If we have exaggerated the character of Lætitia, we have also the character of childhood, for it is a description of the innocent spirit of childhood, which is the same in all children generally speaking, that gives the high tone to the article. And when we add to the description of childhood, for instance, as we see it illustrated in the engraving, the peculiarities of one that is acknowledged to be quite superior, it is not singular that the sketch should appear overdrawn, especially unless we have reflected much upon the subject. If we had the privilege of revising the piece, we should make some alterations

OUR ENGRAVINGS.—In this department, we think it would have been difficult for us to be more happy in a selection than we have been, especially in the designs of the two mezzotints. "Christ blessing children" would, of itself, be a rich embellishment to our first number. The "Bridal Prayer" may be a little imperfect in impression, but is a faithful illustration, and will doubtless awaken feelings of interest in many hearts. The Flower print is a delicate picture, is neatly done, and as appropriate, perhaps, for an opening number, as anything of the kind that could have been given.

THE DELAY OF OUR MAGAZINE.—There is, probably, none of our subscribers who would wish to inflict upon us, as a penalty for disappointing them, more than we have already suffered on their account. We were obliged to send the second time to New York for type, on account of an error in the foundryman in the first font. The great difficulty, however, has been in obtaining paper of the right size, and of a proper quality. More than three long months elapsed, although twenty days were sufficient under ordinary circumstances, before the paper came to hand, notwithstanding it was ordered two or three different times by business men. Our dealers have now, however, a sufficient supply to furnish us for the winter and one or two spring numbers, and there will probably be no more difficulty in this respect.

The work has also, from difficulties unforeseen, been detained some two or three weeks in going through the press; with this, however, we are inclined to submit without complaint, as we are satisfied that all concerned have done the best they could. For the satisfaction, however, of our subscribers, we are allowed to say, that our Printer has engaged to have in connection with his establishment, a superior pressman, whom he expects to be in time for our February number.

We will make no effort to express the obligations under which we feel to our friends in Portage and Grant counties, Wisconsin, as well as to those in other places, for their kindness in advancing to us their subscriptions. By the aid thus afforded, we have been enabled to purchase our own type, new for the work, to hire our own compositor, and can now have the matter principally under our own supervision. When we think of these obligations, and see the advantages placed in our hands by the liberality of these friends, it pains us to the very heart, that they have looked so long in vain for the first number.

And to make some amends for the failure on our part, and, if possible, some returns for their kindness, a sense